

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I. *Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends.* Now first published from the Originals in the Possession of his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne in Norfolk. In two Volumes. 8vo. pp. xxiv, 728. (2 Portraits) Price 1l. 8s. London. 1824.

WE suppose that there is now but one opinion as to the utter unfitness of Cowper's Biographer for the office which he assumed. It proved a lucrative one to himself, and the poor Poet had, in his friend William Hayley, a rich legatee. But, within the circle of his private friends, an individual could scarcely have been selected, less qualified to do justice to the memory of Cowper, whom, in his best days, he never knew, whose character he could not appreciate, and with whose inmost feelings he could have no sympathy. If we have a reader who retains a doubt on this point, the present publication will, we think, remove it. The letters contained in these volumes were 'equally submitted,' we are told, 'to the selecting hand of Mr. Hayley;' and without going the length of condemning him for not inserting the whole, (for many might unquestionably have been suppressed without any serious loss to the public,) it is impossible to account for his rejecting a large proportion of them, on any supposition creditable either to his head or to his heart. The reason of their being excluded, is, however, obvious: they would have shewn the want of fidelity in the Biographer. Their insertion would not have comported with that studied concealment of the morbid peculiarities of Cowper's mind, which a sickly delicacy or an unmanly fear of giving offence led him to adopt, and to which must be ascribed the prevalence of the most unfounded and prejudicial notions respecting the true source of Cowper's singular and afflictive malady. The present Editor adverts to this conduct on the part of Mr. Hayley, in the mildest terms.

'There are,' he says, 'many letters addressed to Mr. Newton, with two or three to Mr. Bull, on the subject of religion, which, though not of general application, but confined to its aspect on the mind of the writer, were decidedly worthy of Mr. Hayley's insertion; and the more so, indeed, on that very account, his concern, as biographer, being rather with the individual than with the community. But these, out of tenderness to the feelings of the reader, I am persuaded, and for the gloominess they attach to the Writer's mind, he has utterly excluded. In doing this, however, amiable and considerate as his caution must appear, the gloominess which he has taken from the mind of Cowper, has the effect of involving his character in obscurity. People read the Letters with the Task in their recollection, (and vice versâ,) and are perplexed. They look for the Cowper of each in the other, and find him not. The correspondence is destroyed. Hence the character of Cowper is undetermined; mystery hangs over it; and the opinions formed of him are as various as the minds of the inquirers.'

This is perfectly just; only that, with regard to the Biographer's tenderness to the feelings of his readers, we are tempted to employ the expressive monosyllable by which Mr. Burchell intimates his provoking incredulity in the Vicar of Wakefield. Mr. Hayley, no doubt, wished to present his distinguished friend under what he judged the most advantageous aspect,—as the poet Cowper, such as Romney has portrayed him, with only that slight shade of melancholy thrown into the expression, that might give the effect of an interesting pensiveness, and only those faint traces of indisposition which might touch the reader's sympathy, without drawing upon his pity. That tasteful night-cap wonderfully aided the desired impression; and therefore, Cowper was to be exhibited only in that costume, although the picture by Abbot, from which the portrait in the present work is engraved, is much more characteristic, and is esteemed by far the best likeness; it is, moreover, excellently painted; but, alas! it exhibits the Author of the Task, habited like an ordinary gentleman of the day, and wearing, in place of the cap, a wig! Now if even Dr. Johnson's wig could not gain admittance into St. Paul's cathedral, it being deemed indispensable to Romanize the venerable inhabitant of Bolt Court before a tolerable statue could be made of the uncouth original, we need not marvel that Cowper's wig was deemed by his sentimental Biographer, quite incompatible with the effect which he sought to produce by his ideal portrait of the recluse of Weston. We could have forgiven, however, the suppression of the wig;—though worthy Mr. Wilson of Olney had a good right to be hurt at the ill compliment tacitly paid to his professional

skill ; yet, out of tenderness to the feelings of the reader, we could have tolerated the concealment of this humiliating infirmity in the Poet, had the sacrifice of truth and nature to effect been carried no further than the outward man. But the same motive led Mr. Hayley to alter the whole story of Cowper's life, and to give a false view of his character. He could not endure the thought, that the Author of the *Task*, his friend, should be known to have been insane. He seems to have feared that it would tarnish the lustre of the Poet's name, were the secret divulged, that the mind of one who could so rule the harp of poetry as to command the feelings of others, was itself, according to his own affecting image, a harp unstrung. But this consideration, if allowed to have any other influence than that of leading him to touch the subject with all the delicacy of friendship, should have deterred him altogether from writing and publishing the *Memoirs*. There was no necessity imposed upon him. Had the life of Cowper been deemed a tale unfit for the public ear, it might have been left untold. But this, the Biographer's vanity would have endured no better than the disclosure of the whole truth ; and he therefore adopted the middle course,—which, when speaking the truth and saying nothing are the alternatives to be escaped from, is seldom either an honest or a wise one,—that of adapting both the selection of letters and the statement of circumstances to the imperfect view which he has given of Cowper's mental history.

It was inevitable that this ill-judged attempt at concealment should eventually produce an effect the very opposite to what was intended. Cowper's malady was not a secret : he had himself alluded to it in the poem on *Retirement*, in language which few readers could misinterpret ; and it was impossible to avoid all reference to it in the *Memoirs*. But the mystery which was suffered to hang over the subject, only served the more to excite curiosity, and to draw attention to the subject. In reference to all cases of this afflictive nature, there is an invariable propensity which prompts persons busily to inquire the supposed cause ; and there is a prejudice which disposes them to believe that there must always be a moral cause for this species of bodily ailment ; and of all assignable causes of this description, love or religion is the first that suggests itself. Now as it was not generally known, that Cowper had ever exhibited these morbid symptoms before he was somewhat too old to become the victim of disappointed love, it was a natural conclusion, that his gloomy religion was the cause of all his suffering. The 'methodism and 'mysticism' with which his poems are tinged, seemed to

favour this supposition ; and a writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* thought that he had found out the whole secret, when he jumped to the conclusion, that ' the theory of Christian justification ' which Cowper had adopted, was the source of all his alarming and distressful apprehensions ; his natural disposition fitting him ' to receive all the horrors without the consolations of his faith.' There is nothing in Hayley's *Memoirs*, to say the least, to forbid this inference. Could we believe the Biographer to have been ignorant of his friend's early history and constitutional infirmity, we should imagine that this was his own opinion. Either he was not aware of all the facts that bore upon the case, or, knowing them, he withheld the information that would have obviated a most pernicious misapprehension. Either he mistook in supposing that religion was the exciting cause of Cowper's distemper, overlooking all the circumstances of the case which prove beyond contradiction the contrary, or he was not unwilling that Cowper's religious tenets should form as it were the apology for his mental aberration.

Now it is this false delicacy and disingenuousness on the part of the Biographer, that has rendered it necessary to expatiate on a topic which otherwise might have been thrown into the back-ground. Cowper's friends must thank Mr. Hayley, that it has ever been found necessary to lay bare his character to its very anatomy, in order to expose the erroneousness of the diagnosis which ascribed its morbid symptoms to his theological opinions. Our readers will recollect that we were among those who warmly deprecated the exposure to the public eye, of that agonizing memoir of his own case, (interesting as it is in a physiological or psychological respect,) which the amiable sufferer left behind him. We objected to it as an unfeeling violation of the secrets of the sepulchre, as a throwing open of the closet of the anatomist to the gape of the vulgar. But what was the plea set up for its publication? The ' persuasion that its details would be the most efficient ' means of correcting certain false notions unfriendly to spiritual religion, which some have thought themselves sanctioned ' in entertaining, by the vague and indistinct accounts which ' were previously before the world.* There ought not to have been given occasion for this plea. The memoir, in the hands of a man of philosophical mind and Christian principles, would have been invaluable as *data* for a just representation of all the

* See *Eclectic Review*, N. S. Vol. VI. p. 13. Art. *Memoirs of Cowper*.

phenomena of the case it describes, and some extracts might have been given from the manuscript, which would sufficiently have vouched for its correctness; it was unpardonable not to make this use of the document; but, this end being answered, it might then have been consigned to the sacred silence of the grave. We should have honoured the sensibility of the Biographer, if, having once distinctly disclosed the nature and traced the origin of the malady, he had forborne to dwell on the fearful details. The case once understood, there would have been a stop put to the prying of a prurient curiosity.

The fact is, however, that the *offence* which Cowper's Biographer was most sedulous to obviate, related as much to his religious character as to his physical ailments. There are persons who would far sooner tolerate a poet's being a madman, than his being a saint. That Cowper laboured under a very peculiar species of hypochondriasis, which left him the entire command of his faculties in reference to every subject but one, and that one subject himself, was so clearly understood, that there could be no pretence, on the score of delicacy, for suppressing the letters in this collection which allude to the false impression on his mind. The gloom which they bespeak, is not of a deeper shade than some of his published poems betray; in particular those exquisitely affecting stanzas entitled "The Castaway." Nothing can be more touching than Cowper's story even as told by Hayley. Why then withhold these interesting illustrations of his history? We can conceive of no other reason, than because they exhibit what is far more repulsive to many of his admirers than insanity itself,—that practical sense of religion which is deemed a sort of madness. What this pious sufferer imagined that he had for ever lost, and was miserable because he despaired of regaining, was the presence and favour of God,—an object which the madness of the sane consists in despising. His concern would not have appeared less irrational to the irreligious, had no delusion existed in his mind to give it the character of despair. In fact, the period of his history at which he enjoyed, together with the unclouded sunshine of reason, the peace and joy of religion,—the interval from 1764 to 1773, during which he was most truly himself, is precisely that stage in which he retreats the furthest from the admiration of worldly-minded persons. It was then that his genuine character broke through the mists and shadows which veiled alike his morning and his sunset, and he appeared the cheerful and affectionate, though timid and retiring man, the devout and elevated being which religion had made him. But it was then, too, that he appeared to many of his relatives the most mad, though, if his own account may

be taken, he was not only sane, but happy. With precisely the same theological views that he retained through the remainder of his life, he derived only comfort from religion, and this during a period more than sufficient to develop their characteristic influence. And when he became subsequently the victim of that afflictive hallucination, he could not avoid acknowledging, that his gloomy persuasion was at variance with every article of his creed, and he was driven to regard himself as an inexplicable exception to his own principles.

One of the most striking letters in this collection, is that addressed to the Rev. Mr. Newton, March 14, 1782, in which he comments on the closely analogous case of the learned Simon Browne, who imagined that the thinking faculty within him was annihilated by the immediate hand of an avenging God.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘I was not unacquainted with Mr. B——’s extraordinary case, before you favoured me with his letter and his intended dedication to the Queen, though I am obliged to you for a sight of those two curiosities, which I do not recollect to have ever seen till you sent them. I could, however, were it not a subject that would make us all melancholy, point out to you some essential differences between his state of mind and my own, which would prove mine to be by far the most deplorable of the two. I suppose no man would despair, if he did not apprehend something singular in the circumstances of his own story, something that discriminates it from that of every other man, and that induces despair as an inevitable consequence. You may encounter his unhappy persuasion with as many instances as you please, of persons who, like him, having renounced all hope, were yet restored; and may thence infer that he, like them, shall meet with a season of restoration—but it is in vain. Every such individual accounts himself an exception to all rules, and therefore the blessed reverse that others have experienced, affords no ground of comfortable expectation to *him*. But you will say, it is reasonable to conclude that, as all your predecessors in this vale of misery and horror have found themselves delightfully disappointed at last, so will you:—I grant the reasonableness of it; it would be sinful, perhaps, because uncharitable, to reason otherwise; but an argument hypothetical in its nature, however rationally conducted, may lead to a false conclusion; and in this instance, so will yours. But I forbear. For the cause above-mentioned I will say no more, though it is a subject on which I could write more than the mail would carry. I must deal with you as I deal with poor Mrs. Unwin in all our disputes about it, cutting all controversy short by an appeal to the event.—W. C.’

The melancholy ingenuity with which a disordered mind can baffle all argument, was never perhaps so strikingly displayed. Here is an admission, or rather an anticipation, of every thing

that could be urged to shew the irrationality of despair; the Writer seems all but conscious that his own persuasion was a delusion; and yet the impression remains—it will not yield to the force of logic. How can a man be reasoned out of what he admits to be irrational, but still feels or fancies to be real? In another letter to the same invaluable friend, at the beginning of 1784, he thus pours forth the anguish of his feelings, sensible that the cause must appear to others imaginary, and that the doctrines of religion forbade his despair.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ The new year is already old in my account. I am not, indeed, sufficiently second-sighted to be able to boast by anticipation an acquaintance with the events of it yet unborn, but rest convinced that, be they what they may, not one of them comes a messenger of good to me. If even death itself should be of the number, he is no friend of mine. It is an alleviation of the woes even of an unenlightened man, that he can wish for death, and indulge a hope, at least, that in death he shall find deliverance. But, loaded as my life is with despair, I have no such comfort as would result from a supposed probability of better things to come, were it once ended. For, more unhappy than the traveller with whom I set out, pass through what difficulties I may, through whatever dangers and afflictions, I am not a whit the nearer home, unless a dungeon may be called so. This is no very agreeable theme, but, in so great a dearth of subjects to write upon, and especially impressed as I am at this moment with a sense of my own condition, I could choose no other. The weather is an exact emblem of my mind in its present state. A thick fog envelops every thing, and at the same time it freezes intensely. You will tell me that this cold gloom will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it;—but it will be lost labour. Nature revives again; but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead, is not so; it will burst into leaf and blossom at the appointed time; but no such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler. The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years in which I have spoken no other language. It is a long time for a man whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; long enough to make despair an inveterate habit, and such it is in me. My friends, I know, expect that I shall see yet again. They think it necessary to the existence of Divine truth, that he who once had possession of it, should never finally lose it. *I admit the solidity of this reasoning in every case but my own.* And why not in my own? *For causes which to them it appears madness to allege,* but which rest upon my mind with a weight of immovable conviction. If I am recoverable, why am I thus? Why crippled and made useless in the church, just at that time of life when, my judgement and experience being matured, I might be most useful? Why cashiered and turned out of service, till, according to the course of nature, there is not life enough left in me

to make amends for the years I have lost ; till there is no reasonable hope left that the fruit can ever pay the expense of the fallow ? I forestal the answer :—God's ways are mysterious, and he giveth no account of his matters :—an answer that would serve my purpose as well as theirs that use it. There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it shall be explained.—Yours, W. C.'

"In all this," we may truly say in the language of holy writ, "he sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." Perhaps there never was a finer instance of filial submission to the Divine will, than is here exhibited, under the heaviest visitation that can befall an intelligent being. The sufferer does not indeed say, "If he slay me, yet will I trust in him," because the idea which overspread and eclipsed his mind, forbade the possibility of such a trust. But, wild and irrational as was the supposition, the surrender of soul was not less implicit, the resignation not less real and exemplary, which in effect said, Though he damn me, yet, I will justify him. Cowper's despair was, in fact, a purely physical sensation. He had not been led into it by any mental process ; it was not a conclusion at which he had arrived by the operation of either reason or conscience ; for it was unconnected with any one tenet or principle which he held. It had fallen upon him as a visitation, and he struggled with it as with an incubus, half suspecting that it was a phantom that seemed to weigh him down, but still it was there ; and he here argues from its continuance to its reality. 'If I am recoverable, why am I thus ?' The sensation was real : it could not be reasoned away, any more than can a head-ache or a fit of the stone. It was as clearly a case of hypochondriasis, as those instances in which the patient has fancied himself a tea-pot, or a sack of wool, or has imagined his thinking substance destroyed. Cowper's only seemed to be a more rational impression : that it was not really so, is evident from the specific nature of the idea on which he fixed, namely, that he was excluded from salvation for not having committed suicide. That this idea produced his melancholy, no one who deserves to be himself considered as rational, can pretend : it was his melancholy which produced the idea. Religion could not have given birth to it, nor could it have survived one moment the presence of distemper. The patient more than half suspected at times that disease was the cause of all his mental suffering ; but he could not *know* it, the impossibility of discerning between what is delusive and what is real, constituting the very essence of the disease : that knowledge would have involved his being sane on the very point to which his irrationality was limited ; he would then have been well. It is observable, that he never attempts to give a reason for his despair,

but only assumes that its existence in his mind proved the truth of the impression which seemed to himself to cause it: in this, he argued as all hypochondriacs and maniacs do. But, in fancying himself crippled, and made useless, and turned out of service, he argued not irrationally; he was only mistaken; and it is pleasing to reflect, (as it has long since been to him a source of the purest joy and gratitude to know,) how greatly he was mistaken. All the mystery has long ago been explained to him.

In the above letter, he evidently alludes to his belief in the doctrine of Final Perseverance (which, properly understood, is but the doctrine of Regeneration) as flatly opposed, in every case but his own, to his mournful conclusion, or rather delusion. He does not doubt his having been truly made a partaker of spiritual life, but, with his own peculiar force of expression, intimates that his soul had been slain by the hand of God. Mr. Newton appears to have seen the total unutility of combating this impression by argument, and to have attempted to dissuade his afflicted friend from suffering himself to dwell on the topic. Cowper's reply throws still further light on the true nature of his disorder, as well as on his social habits and amiable character.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I converse, you say, upon other subjects than that of despair, and may therefore write upon others. Indeed, my friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say that it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day. I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful. I am often so: always, indeed, when my nights have been undisturbed for a season. But the effect of such continual listening to the language of a heart hopeless and deserted is, that I can never give much more than half my attention to what is started by others, and very rarely start any thing myself. My silence, however, and my absence of mind make me sometimes as entertaining as if I had wit. They furnish an occasion for friendly and good-natured raillery; they raise a laugh, and I partake of it. But you will easily perceive that a mind thus occupied is but indifferently qualified for the consideration of theological matters. The most useful and the most delightful topics of that kind are to me forbidden fruit;—I tremble if I approach them. It has happened to me sometimes, that I have found myself imperceptibly drawn in, and made a party in such discourse. The consequence has been, dissatisfaction and self-reproach. You will tell me, perhaps, that I have written upon these subjects in verse, and may, therefore, if I please, in prose. But there is a difference. The search after poetical expression, the rhyme, and the numbers, are all affairs of some difficulty; they amuse, indeed, but are not to be attained

without study, and engross, perhaps, a larger share of the attention than the subject itself. Persons fond of music will sometimes find pleasure in the tune, when the words afford them none. There are, however, subjects that do not always terrify me by their importance; such, I mean, as relate to Christian life and manners; and when such a one presents itself, and finds me in a frame of mind that does not absolutely forbid the employment, I shall most readily give it my attention, for the sake, however, of your request merely. Verse is my favourite occupation, and what I compose in that way, I reserve for my own use hereafter.'

One feature of Cowper's complaint, and one medium of suffering to him as to almost all patients labouring under nervous disorder, was dreams. He alludes, in the above letter, to the salutary influence on his spirits of unbroken slumbers. In another letter, he says: 'I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual; more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day.' There are many persons not labouring under any alienation of reason, who will feelingly understand this language. Poor Bloomfield used to complain of the unutterable horror of his dreams, dreams reiterated night after night, from which he awoke more exhausted than when he retired to rest, and the dread of which would pursue him through the day. The letter in which the description given by Cowper, occurs, closes with the following striking expressions.

'I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground, before I tread upon it. It is hollow; it is agitated; it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria—all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way.'

We have said enough to shew the nature of Cowper's malady; but, strange to say, the misunderstanding which has prevailed in consequence of the partial disclosure of his history, has, in some directions, extended to the Poet's character—we mean his religious character, which has been censoriously charged with apparent inconsistencies, for want, partly, of better information, and partly of more Christian charity. We find, indeed, from these Letters, that even in his life-time, Cowper's conduct was made the subject of much unfeeling and impertinent observation among the good people of Olney; and nothing can be more characteristic of the genuine humility of the Christian, or more decisively shew the Writer's tenderness of conscience, than the letter in which he vindicates himself to Mr. Newton from these ungenerous aspersions.

.....' Your letter to Mrs. Unwin concerning our conduct and the offence taken at it in our neighbourhood, gave us both a great deal of concern; and she is still deeply affected by it. Of this you may assure yourself; that, if our friends in London have been grieved, they have been misinformed; which is the more probable, because the bearers of intelligence hence to London are not always very scrupulous concerning the truth of their reports; and that if any of our serious neighbours have been astonished, they have been so without the smallest real occasion. Poor people are never well employed even when they judge one another; but when they undertake to scan the motives and estimate the behaviour of those whom Providence has exalted a little above them, they are utterly out of their province and their depth. They often see us get into Lady Hesketh's carriage, and rather uncharitably suppose that it always carries us into a scene of dissipation, which, in fact, it never does. We visit, indeed, at Mr. Throckmorton's and at Gayhurst; rarely, however, at Gayhurst, on account of the greater distance; more frequently, though not very frequently, at Weston, both because it is nearer, and because our business in the house that is making ready for us often calls us that way. The rest of our journeys are to Beaujeat turnpike and back again; or, perhaps, to the cabinet-maker's at Newport. As Othello says,

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

What good we can get or can do in these visits, is another question, which they, I am sure, are not at all qualified to solve. Of this we are both sure, that under the guidance of Providence we have formed these connexions; that we should have hurt the Christian cause, rather than have served it, by a prudish abstinence from them; and that St. Paul himself, conducted to them as we have been, would have found it expedient to have done as we have done..... I speak a strict truth, and as in the sight of God, when I say, that we are neither of us at all more addicted to gadding than heretofore. We both naturally love seclusion from company, and never go into it without putting a force upon our disposition. At the same time I will confess, and you will easily conceive, that the melancholy incident to such close confinement as we have so long endured, finds itself a little relieved by such amusements as a society so innocent affords. You may look round the Christian world, and find few, I believe, of our station, who have so little intercourse as we with the world that is not Christian.

' We place all the uneasiness that you have felt for us upon this subject, to the account of that cordial friendship of which you have long given us proof. But you may be assured, that, notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, we are exactly what we were when you saw us last:—I miserable on account of God's departure from me, which I believe to be final, and she, seeking his return to me in the path of duty, and by continual prayer. Yours, my dear friend, W.C.'

Persons who could affect to be scandalized at an invalid's

taking an airing every day in a friend's carriage, and that friend his own cousin, would not be very likely to form either a competent or a charitable judgement of Cowper's conduct in other matters. One would have thought, if any human being could be safe from the busy malice of slander or the more specious detraction of professed friends, that this amiable recluse might have enjoyed such an exemption, to which his virtues, his affliction, and his retiring habits alike entitled him. But the good folks at Olney thought otherwise, and some individuals who ought to have known better, took part against the most unoffending of mortals. We have sufficiently disposed of one charge, that which related to his worldly connexions. The others may, we believe, be reduced to three; they relate to his non-attendance on public worship, his Homer, and his domestication with Mrs. Unwin. With respect to each of these, the disclosures contained in these Letters are amply satisfactory.

The first circumstance, unexplained, might seem a legitimate subject for surprise and regret; but it ceases to be so, when the truth is once told, that he considered himself as Divinely excluded by an imaginary sentence from all his religious privileges. A single passage from a letter to Mr. Newton (June 1785), will sufficiently shew the nature of the cause which kept him from the house of prayer. Mr. Greatheed had been preaching at Olney.

‘I should have been glad,’ writes Cowper, ‘to have been a hearer; but that privilege is not allowed me yet. Indeed, since I told you that I had hope, I have never ceased to despair, and have repented that I made my boast so soon, more than once. A king may forbid a man to appear before him, and it were strange if the King of kings might not do the same. I know it to be his will that I should not enter into his presence now: when the prohibition is taken off, I shall enter; but, in the mean time, I should neither please him, nor serve myself, by intruding.’

To this we need only add a reference to the letter addressed to Mr. Bull, which we gave to the public in a former article,* and which we regret not to find in the present collection, as it is one of the most singular and interesting of all Cowper's epistolary effusions. Hayley has printed it only in a mutilated form, and the present Editor knew where to apply for the original. ‘Prove to me,’ he says to his venerable friend in that letter, ‘that I have a right to pray, and I will pray without

* See Art. Memoirs of Cowper. E. R. Vol. vi. p. 337.

‘ ceasing,—yes, and praise too, even in the belly of this hell, compared with which Jonah’s was a palace, a temple of the living God.’ Yet, the sin by which he was excluded, he admits that his Correspondent would account no sin, would even consider as a duty. He goes on to tell him : ‘ I have not even asked a blessing on my food these ten years.’ This was written in 1782. To have urged on a person labouring under such an imagination as this, an attendance upon public worship as a duty, would have been as injudicious as ineffectual ; and we can scarcely find words harsh enough to characterise the unfeeling pharisaism that would found a reproach or a surmise unfavourable to his piety, on his involuntary seclusion.

The next charge of inconsistency—we almost blush at repeating them,—founded itself on his giving so much of his time to a translation of Homer, when he might, as his self-constituted judges have been pleased to determine, have employed his talents so much more for the honour of God and the good of society. That he should select a heathen bard for his unremitting study, has been thought a sad proof of religious declension, a sign, if not a cause, of deteriorated spirituality. How unkindly he was wronged by such suspicions, shall be shewn from his own language. In the following letter, he tells Mr. Newton how he came to undertake the translation. Its date is Dec. 1785.

‘ Employment, and with the pen, is, through habit, become essential to my well-being ; and to produce always original poems, especially of considerable length, is not so easy. For some weeks after I had finished the Task, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad ; and merely to divert attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the first twelve lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work ; till at last I began to reflect thus :—The Iliad and the Odyssey together consist of about forty thousand verses. To translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and I find it a most agreeable amusement. Homer, in point of purity, is a most blameless writer, and, though he was not an enlightened man, has interspersed many great and valuable truths throughout both his poems. In short, he is in all respects a most venerable old gentleman, by an acquaintance with whom no man can disgrace himself. The literati are all agreed to a man, that although Pope has given us two pretty poems under Homer’s

titles, there is not to be found in them the least portion of Homer's spirit, nor the least resemblance of his manner. I will try, therefore, whether I cannot copy him somewhat more happily myself.'

He afterwards intimates his intention to issue proposals for a subscription to it; 'and if,' he says, 'it should prove a profitable enterprise, the profit will not accrue to a man who may be said not to want.' This hope was amply realised, and Homer proved both his physician and his banker. The employment had the happiest effect upon his spirits, and his temporal comfort was not a little promoted by the profits of the work. Towards the close of this very letter, we find him stating that his spirits were somewhat better than they had been.

'In the course of the last month, I have perceived a very sensible amendment. The hope of better days seems again to dawn upon me; and I have now and then an intimation, though slight and transient, that God has not abandoned me for ever.'

A clear proof that his attention's being diverted from himself, had no tendency to lessen either his religious comfort or his spirituality. It is remarkable, that he complains at this time of obstinate dyspeptic symptoms, while, when his mental ailments seem at their height, he uniformly speaks of himself as well in body,—a circumstance not unimportant in a medical point of view, as illustrating the morbid affection under which he habitually laboured: it looks as if there was at this period a partial metastasis of the complaint. This comparatively bright interval lasted for rather more than a year, and the references to his own feelings, contained in several of the succeeding letters, are of a far more cheerful kind. Mr. Newton, with his characteristic good sense, encouraged his friend to proceed, anxious only that he should not over-work himself, or indulge too sanguine expectations of public success. Cowper replies:

'I thank you heartily, both for your wishes and prayers, that should a disappointment occur, I may not be too much hurt by it. Strange as it may seem to say it, and unwilling as I should be to say it to any person less candid than yourself, I will nevertheless say, that I have not entered on this work, unconnected as it must needs appear with the interests of the cause of God, without the direction of his providence, nor altogether unassisted by him in the performance of it. Time will shew to what it ultimately tends. I am inclined to believe that it has a tendency to which I myself am, at present, perfectly a stranger. Be that as it may, He knows my frame, and will consider that I am but dust; dust, into the bargain, that has been so trampled under foot and beaten, that a storm less violent than an unsuccessful issue of such a business might occasion, would be sufficient

to blow me quite away. But I will tell you honestly, I have no fears upon the subject.'

'You need not fear for my health,' he says in the next letter to the same estimable Correspondent: 'it suffers nothing by my employment.' In one written three months after that from which the preceeding extract is taken, there occurs a further explanation relative to the same subject, too interesting to be omitted, but which shews that the salutary effect of the stimulus was subsiding, and that the Writer was again relapsing into unmitigated gloom. After acknowledging the receipt of three copies of Mr. Newton's sermons on the Messiah, he proceeds:

'I shall be happy (and when I say that, I mean to be understood in the fullest and most emphatical sense of the word) if my frame of mind shall be such as may permit me to study them. But Adam's approach to the tree of life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way, than mine to its great Antitype has been now almost these thirteen years, a short interval of three or four days, which passed about this time twelvemonth, alone excepted. For what reason it is that I am thus long excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known to God only. I can say but this: that if he is still my Father, this paternal severity has, toward me, been such as that I have reason to account it unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, I believe, for so long a time, and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experiences. But they have this belonging to them: that as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it; for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter, as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, in that experience of his to which I have just alluded, on the topmost round of it, I have been standing, and still stand on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment, still recommends it. I am not, indeed, so perfectly hopeless as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much, and sometimes even more worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself, as I once could, with carpenter's or with gardener's tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else he withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providen-

tially led to it; perhaps I might say, with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it: for certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry, I would spend with God. But it is evidently his will, that I should spend them as I do, because every other way of employing them he himself continues to make impossible. If, in the course of such an occupation, or by inevitable consequence of it, either my former connexions are revived, or new ones occur, these things are as much a part of the dispensation as the leading points of it themselves; the effect, as much as the cause. If his purposes in thus directing me are gracious, he will take care to prove them such in the issue; and, in the mean time, will preserve me (for he is as able to do that in one condition of life as in another) from all mistakes in conduct that might prove pernicious to myself, or give reasonable offence to others. I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken,—Here I am: let him do with me as seemeth him good.'

And Mr. Hayley could suppress this letter! Was it, does the reader imagine, out of tenderness to the reader's feelings, or through a deficiency in his own? Was it on account of the gloominess attaching to the Writer's mind, or the religious enthusiasm, so deemed, which it breathes? Whatever explanation be given, we rejoice at having gained possession of so interesting a document.

We perceive that our limits will not admit of much more quotation, and we must pass over the very affecting letter dated Aug. 5. 1786, in which he complains that all his hopes had been blasted, all his comforts wrested from him. 'More than a twelvemonth,' he says, 'has passed since I began to hope that, having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of this Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I prepared to sing the song of Moses. But I have been disappointed.' It is melancholy to trace the progress and alternations of disease; but the reader is amply repaid by the lesson of piety which is conveyed by the example of the sufferer—a piety not less exemplary because the light it casts, left the mind from which it emanated, in darkness. Homer is again adverted to in a letter written in January of the following year; and from this we must make a short extract.

'I have many kind friends, who, like yourself, wish that, instead of turning my endeavours to a translation of Homer, I had proceeded in the way of original poetry. But I can truly say that it was ordered otherwise, not by me, but by the Providence that governs all my thoughts, and directs my intentions as he pleases. It may seem strange, but it is true, that after having written a volume, in general with great ease to myself, I found it impossible to write another page. The mind of man is not a fountain, but a cistern; and mine, God

knows, a broken one. It is my creed, that the intellect depends as much, both for the energy and the multitude of its exertions, upon the operation of God's agency upon it, as the heart, for the exercise of its graces, upon the influence of the Holy Spirit. According to this persuasion, I may very reasonably affirm, that it was not God's pleasure that I should proceed in the same track, because he did not enable me to do it. A whole year I waited, and waited in circumstances of mind that made a state of non-employment peculiarly irksome to me. I longed for the pen as the only remedy, but I could find no subject. Extreme distress of spirit at last drove me, as, if I mistake not, I told you some time since, to lay Homer before me, and translate for amusement. Why it pleased God that I should be hunted into such a business, of such enormous length and labour, by miseries for which He did not see good to afford me any other remedy, I know not. But so it was; and jejune as the consolation may be, and unsuited to the exigencies of a mind that once was spiritual, yet, a thousand times have I been glad of it; for a thousand times it has served at least to divert my attention, in some degree, from such terrible tempests as I believe have seldom been permitted to beat upon a human mind. Let my friends, therefore, who wish me some little measure of tranquillity in the performance of the most turbulent voyage that ever Christian mariner made, be contented that, having Homer's mountains and forests to windward, I escape, under their shelter, from the force of many a gust that would almost overset me; especially when they consider that, not by choice, but by necessity, I make *them* my refuge. As to fame, and honour, and glory, that may be acquired by poetical feats of any sort, God knows, that, if I could lay me down in my grave with hope at my side, or sit with hope at my side in a dungeon all the residue of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all. For the little fame that I have already earned, has never saved me from one distressing night, or from one despairing day, since I first acquired it. For what I am reserved, or *to* what, is a mystery; I would fain hope, not merely that I may amuse others, or only to be a translator of Homer.

'Sally Perry's case has given us much concern. I have no doubt that it is distemper. *But distresses of mind that are occasioned by distemper, are the most difficult of all to deal with. They refuse all consolation; they will hear no reason.* God only, by his own immediate impressions, can remove them; as, after an experience of thirteen years' misery, I can abundantly testify.'

Your's, W. C.'

We have mentioned a third imputation on the character of this excellent person; it is almost too vile and base to deserve notice, and yet, it has been entertained in respectable quarters. It has seldom assumed a definite shape, but attributes impropriety of some kind to Cowper's domestication with Mrs. Unwin. How he himself felt towards her, will be best shewn by a short extract from a letter to Mrs. King, March 12, 1790.

‘ I have lately received from a female cousin of mine in Norfolk, whom I have not seen these five and thirty years, a picture of my own mother. She died when I wanted two days of being six years old ; yet I remember her perfectly, find the picture a strong likeness of her, and because her memory has been ever precious to me, have written a poem on the receipt of it ; a poem which, one excepted, I had more pleasure in writing than any that I ever wrote. That one was addressed to a lady whom I expect in a few minutes to come down to breakfast, and who has supplied to me the place of my own mother—my own invaluable mother, these six and twenty years. Some sons may be said to have had many fathers, but a plurality of mothers is not common.’

But it has been remarked, that Cowper's language on other occasions, with regard to his inestimable Mary, partook more of the fondness of the husband, than of the attachment of the son. The fact is, that his feelings naturally partook of the peculiarity of his situation, which had rendered him an object of maternal solicitude to his elder companion, rather than, what he otherwise would have been, her equal partner and protector. But it was well known to his friends, that their engagement to each other would have been consummated by legal ties and the closest union, but for the distemper which more than once prevented its taking place after the day had been as repeatedly fixed. And the age of both parties, it was probably thought, rendered the step inexpedient at a later period. That Cowper, the most affectionate and most grateful of beings, should love, and that most tenderly, the faithful friend to whom he was so deeply indebted, whose companionship had been attendant on his happiest days, and was the only solace of long years of darkness,—that this love should be more than is implied by mere friendship, though it fell short of passion,—that he should have wished to give perpetuity and a legal sanction to their intimacy in the first instance, and that afterwards, the more apparent disparity of years and growing infirmities of his venerable companion should have suggested the idea of the filial relation as more appropriate,—all this is so natural, so intelligible, and we might say, was so inevitable, that one cannot but admire, while we reprobate the ingenuity that could extract matter of scandal from such materials. The manner in which Cowper, in all these Letters, associates Mrs. Unwin with himself, (in one instance playfully subscribing their joint names *Guillaume—Marie*,) plainly indicates that the common nature of their interests and the sacred character of their intimacy, were sufficiently understood by his friends, as well as that there was nothing equivocal about the circumstances of their domestic intercourse. If we have a reader

who, after perusing the preceding extracts, can harbour a doubt on the point, we leave him to the curse of a polluted imagination.

There were persons who would have thought it far better that Cowper should have been provided with a younger, and fairer, and more sprightly companion; and we have heard Mrs. Unwin unfeelingly reproached with a deficiency of cheerfulness, under circumstances that would have consumed alike the mind and the heart of any ordinary woman. It is scarcely worth while to advert to useless surmises and unprofitable peradventures; but we will give our opinion, that the appointment of Providence was in this instance, as in every other, wiser than the wisdom of the world. Excitement of a gentle description was undoubtedly beneficial to Cowper's mind: the stimulus supplied by the presence of Lady Hesketh and other gay accomplished friends, had for a time the happiest effect, but, like all other stimulants, its efficacy was soon spent. Familiarity with an object, while it may strengthen its power over our affections, of necessity renders it less capable of ministering that excitation which things of a novel or occasional kind produce. The sprightliest companion would have failed, after a time, to cheer by her gayety; and something more than sprightliness was requisite to qualify for the arduous task which devolved upon Cowper's companion in the awful season of his deepest dejection, when, but for Mrs. Unwin's strength of mind and unwearied fidelity, he must have been consigned to the hired nurse and the medical practitioner. With her, it ought not to be forgotten, he shared some of his happiest hours, and to her he was indebted for all the alleviation of which his gloomiest seasons were susceptible. If she could not excite, she could soothe him; and what the heart requires for its happiness is, an object on which the affections can repose.

‘O ye to whom the hand of heaven assigns
The sacred ministry to guard the sad,
Dare not to struggle with that last desire,
That friendly instinct, that survives the wreck
Of hope and happiness, desire for rest.’

That Cowper himself both valued and loved her society, is evident from his own unreserved declaration to Mr. Newton. In a letter written after the departure of Lady Hesketh, he mentions their being once more reduced to their dual state, and then adds:—

‘There are those in the world whom we love, and whom we are happy to see; but we are happy likewise in each other, and so far

independent of our fellow-mortals, as to be able to pass our time comfortably without them ;—as comfortably, at least, as Mrs. Unwin's frequent indispositions, and my no less frequent troubles of mind, will permit. When I am much distressed, any company but her's distresses me more, and makes me doubly sensible of my sufferings ; though sometimes, I confess, it falls out otherwise ; and by the help of more general conversation, I recover that elasticity of mind which is able to resist the pressure. On the whole, I believe I am situated exactly as I should wish to be, were my situation to be determined by my own election ; and am denied no comfort that is compatible with the total absence of the chief of all.'

Mrs. Unwin was an eminently pious woman, and this was to some of Cowper's friends her real offence. Those who chose to ascribe his melancholy to his religion, naturally regarded Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin as persons who had contributed to his distemper. We have seen how judiciously the former acquitted himself as a correspondent, and we have reason to believe that, in the latter, Cowper had a not less judicious companion. It was she who urged him in the first instance to employ his mind in poetical composition. Though religion was for the most part an interdicted, because unapproachable theme, yet, he could never have been happy, united to one who was not in his estimation religious ; and there were his bright moments in which he could have relished no other intercourse. Perhaps no man is ever more religious for having his mind constantly occupied with religion. This may seem a paradox ; but those who know how little necessary connexion there is between theological studies and spirituality of mind, and how much a professional familiarity with such subjects, tends to deteriorate their influence, will subscribe to the truth of the assertion. Our religious character depends, not on the nature of our avocations, but on the motives from which we engage in them, the principles by which our ordinary actions are regulated. The mind must have an external object, a pursuit, to prevent its becoming the prey of its own energies. Religion, as connected with the personal interests and internal feelings, supplies the highest motives, but cannot be said to furnish such an object. A man might as well expect to grow in strength by watching his appetite, as a Christian to grow in grace merely by watching his internal feelings. But religion, in any other reference, considered as a matter of speculation, of philosophical inquiry, or of public instruction, is as secular an object of pursuit, (or is liable to become so,) as geology, poetry, or Greek criticism. God has so constituted the mind, that employment and amusement are essential to the healthful play of the faculties. The common business of life and the pursuits of science are wisely designed to provide the one,

while the natural and ideal worlds, together with the pleasures of society, afford an inexhaustible fund of the other. Happy is he who can use them without abusing them, and woe to him that despises them.

It has been one object which we have had in view in the preceding remarks, to shew that the force and beauty of Cowper's example are in no degree diminished by the hallucination under which he laboured, since, in fact, the influence of religion on his mind was never suspended, even when he religiously forbore to pray. The piety that shines through all his despondency, the filial submission with which he utters the mournful complaint, "Why hast thou forsaken me," indicate, that, through all the bewilderment of reason, his heart was singularly right with God. But the present Editor anticipates an objection to the publication of the desponding letters.

'Am I not afraid, it may be asked, lest, in affording an indiscriminate inspection into the gloomy interior of Cowper's mind, I should minister to the melancholy contemplations of some depressed spirit, and thus eventually assimilate it to his own? I answer, I should indeed fear it, but for the circumstance already mentioned; the striking irregularity of the Writer's intellect on the subject of his own salvability. This is the frame, if I may so express it, in which all his gloomy pictures are *conspicuously set*; and as they cannot be separated, they must be transferred, both or neither, to the mind of another. But as experience teaches me that insanity is not transferrible, so I set my heart at rest as to a transfer of the gloom which in this case resulted from it.'

The answer is, we think, most satisfactory; and indeed, to any person suffering under religious dejection that admits of being rationally dealt with, the experience of Cowper is adapted to afford genuine consolation, and to disprove those melancholy suggestions which are grounded on the singularity and consequent hopelessness of the person's own case. Although, however, our extracts have partaken of a sombre hue, the present volumes are by no means altogether of this character. A large proportion of them are of a very lively description, replete with that playful humour which is so peculiar to the letters of Cowper; and the most trifling of them are marked by an inimitable ease and the purest taste in composition. The greater part of those in the first volume, are addressed to Joseph Hill, Esq., commencing at July 1765, and extending through the ensuing twenty years. Up to the close of the year 1772, the letters, though brief, and chiefly on business, abound with indications of the Writer's happy temper, unclouded mind, and fervent piety. Then occurs a chasm of four years; and when the series recommences, the letters are still more

brief, and are confined to indifferent subjects. In the year 1780, begins that most interesting portion of his correspondence, the letters to Mr. Newton, which extends throughout the remainder of the volumes, intermixed with letters to Mr. Hill, the Rev. Mr. Bull, Mrs. King, and the Editor. About the same period, he began to busy him with verse as a relief to his melancholy. 'While I am held in pursuit of pretty images,' he says to Mr. Newton, 'or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again.' The beneficial effect on his mind is discernible in the letters. Throughout the first volume, with the few exceptions which we have extracted, the prevailing character of the composition is light and playful, and sometimes there are gleams of cheerfulness in regard to his own spiritual condition. The supposed history of an antediluvian day at p. 287, and the poetical epistle to the Rev. Mr. Bull, whom he elsewhere facetiously addresses as *charissime taurorum*, may be referred to as very happy specimens of the same playful humour that shines in John Gilpin, and in so many of the letters published by Hayley. In the second volume, a more serious style prevails, and the letters are of a deeper interest. In the year 1787, another melancholy blank of ten months occurs. The Writer's own account of his instantaneous recovery from this attack, is most interesting. In the year 1792, he appears to have derived temporary benefit from a visit he received from his invaluable friend Mr. Newton. 'I rejoiced, and had reason to do so,' he tells him, 'in your coming to Weston, for I think the Lord came with you.' The feelings of his better days seemed, during two or three transient moments, to be in a degree renewed. 'You will tell me,' he says, 'that, transient as they were, they were yet evidences of a love that is not so; and I am desirous to believe it.' This was written in July, 1792. In a letter dated the following October, he notices a similar 'manifestation of God's presence' vouchsafed to him a few days before; 'transient, indeed, and dimly seen through a mist of many fears and troubles, but sufficient to convince me, at least while the Enemy's power is a little restrained, that He has not cast me off for ever.' The last letter in the collection is addressed to Mr. Hill, Dec. 10, 1793, just before he was visited with that last calamitous attack which preceded his final removal from Weston.

The thanks of the public, more especially of the religious public, are due to the excellent Editor, for having rescued

these most interesting documents from the neglect to which Hayley had consigned them. He has but done justice to his inestimable relative, while, by the manner in which he has executed his task, he has done honour to himself. At the close of the preface, having, he remarks, exercised the mind of the reader with recitals not of the most enlivening tone, he has presented us a *jeu d'esprit*, written by Cowper, when a young man in the Temple, as a contribution to the "Nonsense Club," in which Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd, and Colman were his associates. For the same reason that Dr. Johnson has assigned, we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

• LETTER FROM AN OWL TO A BIRD OF PARADISE.

• SIR,

• I have lately been under some uneasiness at your silence, and began to fear that our friends in Paradise were not so well as I could wish; but I was told yesterday that the pigeon you employed as a carrier, after having been long pursued by a hawk, found it necessary to drop your letter, in order to facilitate her escape. I send you this by the claws of a distant relation of mine, an eagle, who lives on the top of a neighbouring mountain. The nights being short at this time of the year, my epistle will probably be so too; and it strains my eyes not a little to write, when it is not as dark as pitch. I am likewise much distressed for ink: the blackberry juice which I had bottled up having been all exhausted, I am forced to dip my beak in the blood of a mouse, which I have just caught; and it is so very savoury, that I think in my heart I swallow more than I expend in writing. A monkey who lately arrived in these parts, is teaching me and my eldest daughter to dance. The motion was a little uneasy to us at first, as he taught us to stretch our wings wide, and to turn out our toes; but it is easier now. I, in particular, am a tolerable proficient in a hornpipe, and can foot it very nimbly with a switch tucked under my left wing, considering my years and infirmities. As you are constantly gazing at the sun, it is no wonder that you complain of a weakness in your eyes; how should it be otherwise, when mine are none of the strongest, though I always draw the curtain over them as soon as he rises, in order to shut out as much of his light as possible? We have had a miserable dry season, and my ivy-bush is sadly out of repair. I shall be obliged to you if you will favour me with a shower or two, which you can easily do, by driving a few clouds together over the wood, and beating them about with your wings till they fall to pieces. I send you some of the largest berries the bush has produced, for your children to play withal. A neighbouring physician, who is a goat of great experience, says they will cure the worms; so, if they should chance to swallow them, you need not be frightened. I have lately had a violent fit of the pip, which festered my rump to a prodigious degree. I have shed almost every feather in my tail, and

must not hope for a new pair of breeches till next spring; so shall think myself happy if I escape the chin-cough, which is generally very rife in moulting season.

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

MADGE.

‘ P. S. I hear my character as first minister is a good deal censured; but “ Let them censure; what care I ? ” ’

Art. II. *Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano.* Small 8vo. pp. 286. London, 1823.

MUCH remains to be done before we can be said to have even collected materials for the history of Art. There is indeed a large amount of outstanding anecdote, and date, and criticism, which might readily be called in; but, before it could be made available, it would require a very rigid process of comparison and authentication. The extensive currency of details and opinions which is afloat among dilettanti writers and talkers, must be subjected to the severest tests before it can be received as genuine mintage; and these discriminating processes would reduce the circulating medium to a very scanty supply. It was but the other day that we met with a revival of the old falsehood which charges Michael Angelo with stabbing a man, whom he had bound to a cross, that he might minutely trace the various gradations of ebbing life; and a formidable wood-cut was prefixed to make the legend more attractive. And, in connexion with the subject of the memoir before us, scarcely any circumstance in the annals of painting is more unhesitatingly repeated and believed, than the tradition which ascribes to Correggio extreme poverty, and which even attributes his death to the excessive fatigue consequent upon carrying from Parma to his own home, a distance of several miles, a payment, made in copper coin, amounting to sixty crowns. This absurd invention is sufficiently disproved by the suggestion, that the load which he is thus represented to have conveyed, ‘ must have considerably exceeded two hundred weight; ’—a burden under which it is quite impossible that he could have borne up through a twentieth part of the assigned interval. Were the case otherwise in this respect, the Writer of this memoir has effectually disproved the *st dice* which originated the idle tales about the exigent circumstances of Correggio. We have, indeed, been altogether exceedingly pleased with this little volume. Notwithstanding its unpretending character, it is the result, not merely of competent reading, but of accurate comparison; and while it furnishes much satisfactory information respecting the admirable artist whose life and labours it commemorates, it gives, incidentally,

important illustrations of collateral points connected with the records of Art. It is to be wished that the Author may feel encouraged to continue his investigations, and to proceed in clearing away the rubbish of misconception and misrepresentation which still chokes up so many of the avenues to this division of the temple of history.

We think, too, that he has been judicious in his selection of a subject. Amateurs (and perhaps artists themselves are not wholly clear of the imputation) are too much in the habit of identifying Art itself with the efforts of three or four distinguished individuals; and when they have traced the progress of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Leonardo, and perhaps Titian, cast a transient and negligent glance on the contemporaries and successors of those illustrious men. We shall not betray such debility of judgement as to question the supremacy of those great leaders of their respective schools; but we will affirm, unhesitatingly, that not less infirmity is exhibited by those who place a wide interval in the gradation by which we descend—we have in vain tried to recollect some intermediate word—to such men as Correggio. With less of pathos and less of high intellectual character in his style, than the master of the Roman school,—inferior in energy and powerful conception to the mighty Florentine,—Correggio might yet exclaim in the language ascribed to him by the well-known tradition,—*Anch'io son pittore*. The comparative elevation or beauty of his style, we shall not here discuss, but that it was perfectly original, cannot be doubted. Few painters have so completely worked from their own resources, and none have displayed more profound conversance with the learning of their art; none have, in a greater degree, possessed the rare faculty of invention. His was the almost exclusive secret of placing his figures in the midst of light, and of making shade a privation, rather than a positive existence. His skill in anatomy was not inferior to that of Buonaroti, and he employed it with unrivalled dexterity and success in the adjustment and foreshortening of his figures. But we are at once wandering from our immediate point, and anticipating observations which will find a more appropriate place at the close of the present article. We repeat it, then, that we think the present Author has, in his choice and treatment of a subject, entitled himself to the gratitude of all the lovers of art; he has thrown light upon circumstances which were previously involved in uncertainty and obscurity, and he has communicated important information, mingled with sound criticism, on a section of the history of painting that much required elucidation. It is very probable, that Italian literature may supply this, both on the

general subject and on its particular branches, to an extent with which we have not had an opportunity of making ourselves acquainted; but, in our own language, we are by no means rich in able illustration of the progress and vicissitudes of the arts of design. Mr. Duppa's Memoirs of Michael Angelo are inadequately written, and his sketches of the life of Raffaello are altogether unsatisfactory. The most interesting illustrations of pictorial biography which have recently attracted our attention, are, in our own language, the present volume, and, in French, the *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, by the Count de Stendahl (M. Beyle). The latter, however, has a large alloy of flippancy and affectation, from which the former is entirely free.

Antonio de' Allegri was born in 1493 or 1494, at Correggio, a small independent principality in the dutchy of Parma. His father, Pellegrino, was a respectable tradesman; and his uncle, Lorenzo, was an artist of no very brilliant reputation, if the sarcastic intimation of Rinaldo Corsi be correct:—'One of our painters at Correggio, named Master Lorenzo, wishing to delineate a lion, drew a goat, and affixed to it the title of a lion.' If this illustrious son of art ever gave lessons to his nephew, his claims to be considered as the master of Correggio will be easily adjusted. Nothing, in fact, is known respecting the early studies of Antonio. It is not improbable that he received instruction from Tonino Bartolotto: it is possible that he might, at the age of 12, have come in contact with the celebrated Andrea Mantegna, or that he might

'have studied under his sons Ludovico and Francesco, who succeeded to the school established by their father, and might have profited by the rich collection of models and copies, which it contained. This opinion would be strongly corroborated, could we give full credit to the statement of the Abate Lanzi, that several of Correggio's juvenile productions are still preserved at Mantua, and display the germ of future excellence, blended with the stiff and rigid style of the old school. The pictures, however, which he mentions, as attributed to Correggio, are authenticated by evidence too slight, to form a valid foundation for argument.

'The other painter under whom Correggio is said to have studied, was Francesco Bianchi, who was distinguished for his fine colouring and graceful airs, two perfections which eminently mark the works of our painter. From the vicinity of Correggio both to Mantua and Modena, and the reputation which Mantegna and Bianchi enjoyed at the time, we are inclined to assent to the opinion, which has been delivered down by tradition, that, either directly or indirectly, he owed the first improvement of his great talents to these two masters. Correggio did not; however, content himself with a mere mechanical practice of his art; for his pictures display an intimate acquaintance

with the principles of perspective, sculpture, and architecture, as well as with the philosophy of colours; and, above all, his knowledge of anatomy is generally recognized, in his accurate delineation of the human form. From whom he drew his acquaintance with the former sciences is unknown; but his recent biographer, Pungileoni, has enabled us to ascertain his instructor in anatomy: this was Doctor Giambattista Lombardi, a native of Correggio, who had been professor at Bologna, and afterwards at Ferrara. He finally settled in his native town, as physician to Nicolo, a prince of the reigning family, towards the beginning of the 16th century, and was held by him in high consideration.' pp. 19—22.

Amid all this uncertainty, the early distinction of Allegri is placed beyond all doubt, by the fact, that before he had completed his twenty-first year, he was employed to paint the altar-piece of the Franciscan convent at Correggio, for the liberal remuneration, considering his youth, of one hundred ducats, clear of all expenses. This picture represented the Virgin and the infant Saviour, with St. Joseph and St. Francis on either side; its dimensions were about five feet by four. In 1638, the governor, Annibale Molza, permitted a Spanish painter to study from the painting, and the knave took the opportunity of substituting his own copy, and making off with the original. When the theft was discovered, the town was in a complete uproar; a general council was convoked; a large assemblage demanded from the governor vengeance on the spoliators, and a deputation of nobles was sent to the duke of Modena and the bishop of Reggio, requesting permission to prosecute the friars who were charged with conniving at the robbery. The pope, the cardinals, the general and provincial of the Franciscans, were all memorialized; but nothing was done, and the original has never yet been discovered. It seems to us extremely probable, from all the circumstances of the case, that the robber was a mere instrument in the hand of some higher power, and that the only method for recovering the stolen goods would have been, a search warrant for the governor's palace, or an action of trover against the proprietor of the Escorial. It seems, in transactions of a different kind, to have been frequently a part of the bargain for the transfer of a picture, that a good copy should be substituted at the expense of the purchaser. Another altar-piece, painted about the same period, is either destroyed or lost sight of; and the abeyance of these works deprives us of all certain means of ascertaining the early manner of Correggio. The finest remaining specimen of his intermediate style, is the picture, now in the Dresden gallery, formerly distinguished as the St. Pietro Martire, but at present better known by the name of its most

striking figure, the St. George. This noble production was executed for the Modenese monks of St. Peter the Martyr, and contains a number of figures, in various positions, paying homage to the infant Jesus in his mother's arms. St. George stands on one side, in armour, but bareheaded, and looking out of the picture; his bearing is at once graceful and dignified, and so vigorous is the relief of the painting, that he seems to stand out from the canvas.

In July 1520, Antonio married Girolama Merlini, an exquisite beauty of seventeen, whose portrait is supposed to be extant in her husband's delightful picture of the Madonna Zingarella. It was, probably, at no very distant period, that he painted the admirable 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' which has been so often copied by eminent masters, and, among them, by Annibal Caracci. Small in size, about eleven inches by nine, it is fraught with unrivalled excellencies. The Virgin, sitting, and the saint, kneeling, are in profile, and the Saviour, represented as a boy of eight or nine years, rests on his mother's lap, with one foot reaching the ground, and the other leg foreshortened. The expression and effect of this gem of art are inimitably beautiful, and the artist has displayed singular skill in the graceful arrangement of the six hands meeting in the centre of the painting. But this season of his life was chiefly remarkable as the period at which he may be considered as fixing the peculiar character of his style, and standing forward as the originator of a new and brilliant school of art. He was engaged by the monks of St. John, at Parma, to ornament the cupola and other parts of their church; the date of the agreement appears to have been in 1519.

'The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by the twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes the four Evangelists, and four Doctors of the church. The situation of the painting presented difficulties which none but so great an artist could have overcome; for the cupola has neither skylight nor windows, and consequently the whole effect of the piece must depend on the light reflected from below. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly naked, gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur.' p. 75.

The monks were so much gratified by the labours of Antonio, that, long before he had completed his task, they conferred on him a patent of confraternity; a privilege then much in request and rarely conferred, entitling him to a share in the spiritual blessings resulting from the masses and good works of the brotherhood, and to the *post mortem* benefit of the same offices for the repose of his soul as were performed for the brethren themselves. It was while engaged in this undertaking, that

he painted his celebrated Nativity, now in the Dresden gallery, and universally known under the name of the *Notté*. Of this noble composition we shall insert the description.

‘ This picture is doubtless the most singular, if not the most beautiful work of this great master. Adopting an idea hitherto unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six, has expanded a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The time he has chosen, is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation, proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a groupe of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorising the expression of Scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world. Nor is the art with which the figures are represented, less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skilfully hidden by its oblique position, from the conviction, that the features of a new-born infant are ill adapted to please the eye; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skilful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece, is heightened to the imagination, by the attitude of a shepherdess, bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate Divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shews the figures in the back ground, contributes to augment the splendor of the principal glory. “ The beauty, grace, and finish of the piece,” says Mengs, “ are admirable, and every part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style.” ’ pp. 81--85.

It was at nearly the same time that he produced the *St. Jerome*, so warmly eulogized by Annibal Caracci, and the *St. Sebastian*, formerly in the collection of the Dukes of Modena, and now at Dresden. In November 1522, he contracted with the chapter to paint the cupola and other parts of the cathedral at Parma. This great and arduous work he executed with transcendent skill and beauty. The central figures are foreshortened with a science and boldness which drew from Mengs the strongest expressions of astonishment. The peculiar shape and angles of the dome presented difficulties which nothing but the most consummate ability could have overcome; and so

anxious was Correggio to effect his object with perfect accuracy, that he is said to have had many of his designed figures modelled in chalk, before they were painted on the compartments of the cupola. This engagement was not conducted quite so pleasantly as the former transaction with the good monks of St. John. The canons of the cathedral were displeased at the slow progress of the work, and he was disgusted at their ignorant interference. For the sake of variety, he had painted some of his groupes on a smaller scale than usual, and one of his enlightened employers complained that he had given them a fricassee of frogs. So far, indeed, did these profound *cognoscenti* carry their critical disapprobation, that, when Titian visited Parma, they are said to have consulted him on the expediency of cancelling the whole, and to have been diverted from their intention only by his assurance, 'that it was the finest composition he had ever seen.' Correggio did not, however, live long enough to conduct this noble work to a close, for he was prematurely carried off by a malignant fever. He died on the 5th of March 1534, in the 41st year of his age.

In design, it has been usual to place Correggio below the great masters of the Roman and Florentine schools, and we shall not entangle ourselves in the discussions which an inquiry into the grounds of this opinion would necessarily involve. It is, however, obvious to remark, that Correggio's peculiar talent lay in a track untried by Sanzio and Buonaroti. That he was profoundly skilled in the human figure, he has proved in numberless instances, and that he was a master of expression, is not less evident; but his magic colouring, his luminous medium, his harmony and grace, demanded the partial sacrifice, or at least the subserviency, of those severer exhibitions of character and form which mark the style of those distinguished men.

'Correggio appears to have delighted in the expression of the milder passions; and in those of love, affection, and tenderness, he is almost without a rival. He has discriminated, with equal felicity, the different shades of grief; and has beautifully contrasted them in the dead Christ, painted for the church of St. John. It is profound in the Virgin, tender in the Magdalen, and chastened in the third female figure. He has also manifested his power of indicating manly dignity in the St. George; and though he seldom embodies the fiercer passions, he has shewn his ability in that class of expression, by the figure of the executioner, in the Martyrdom of St. Placido, which was copied in the St. Agnes of Domenichino.

'But perhaps the passion which he has represented with the most striking effect, is that of dignified resignation. In the celebrated *Ecce Homo*, or Christ shewn to the Multitude, the divine air of meekness and patient suffering, which he has given to the Redeemer of

mankind, awakens the sublimest emotions, and embodies the animated descriptions of Holy Writ. The same remark applies with equal truth to the Agony of Christ in the Garden.

‘We cannot close our observations on his powers of expression, without adverting to a beauty which he possessed exclusively; or, at least, shared only with Leonardo da Vinci; namely, the lovely and exquisite smile, which plays on his female countenances, and which has been distinguished by the epithet of the *Corrigesque*, or the grace of Correggio. This trait, as difficult to describe as to imitate, has been happily indicated by Dante, the father of Italian Poetry, in his

‘“Della bocca il disiato riso.”—*Inferno*.

‘In this rare and fascinating expression, Correggio alone was capable of discriminating the precise boundary between grace and affectation, and his delicate pencil was fully competent to execute the conception of his mind. His best copyists, even the Carracci themselves, generally failed in preserving this original feature; and in many modern copies and engravings, it often degenerates into mere grimace.’

pp. 158—161.

Correggio was remarkable for the attention he paid to the quality of his colours; his lakes are peculiarly rich, his white brilliant and permanent, and he was profuse in the employment of ultra-marine.

The life of Parmegiano is a brief but interesting sketch, of which the materials have been chiefly derived from the biographical work of Father Affò, whose researches have detected innumerable errors in all previous accounts. Valuable in its statements of dates and circumstances, this memoir is less substantial in its critical qualities than the history of Correggio. It errs on the side of eulogy: we find ample justice done to the high excellencies of the Parmesan, but very little intimation of his conspicuous faults. His grace, and ease, and fine colouring are duly lauded, but his affectation and theatric air pass with little animadversion. We shall cite, in preference to any of the comments in the present volume, Fuseli’s masterly and discriminating, though somewhat severe criticism of this artist.

‘The principle of Correggio vanished with its author, though it found numerous imitators of its parts. Since him, no eye has conceived that expanse of harmony with which the voluptuous sensibility of his mind arranged and enchanted all visible nature. His grace, so much vaunted, and so little understood, was adopted and improved to elegance by Francesco Mazzuoli, called Parmegiano; but, instead of making her the measure of propriety, he degraded her to affectation. In Parmegiano’s figures, action is the adjective of the posture; the accident of attitude; they ‘make themselves air, into which they vanish.’ That disengaged play of elegant forms, the ‘*Sueltexna*’ of the

Italians, is the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion. His grandeur, as conscious as his grace, sacrifices the motive to the mode, simplicity to contrast: his St. John loses the fervour of the Apostle in the orator; his Moses the dignity of the lawgiver in the savage. With incredible force of chiaroscuro, he united bland effects and fascinating hues, but their frequent ruins teach the important lesson, that the mixtures which anticipate the beauties of time, are big with the seeds of premature decay.'

His family and baptismal names were Girolamo Francesco Maria Mazzola; the epithets Parmegiano or Parmegianino are merely indicative of his birth-place. He was born in 1503, of respectable parents, received a liberal education, and displayed an early propensity to the study of painting. He was singularly attractive both in person and manners; his habits were profuse and improvident, and there seems to have been some degree of unsteadiness in his pursuits. He died in August 1540.

An interesting portrait of Correggio is given; it is, indeed, imperfectly authenticated, but the physiognomy is so entirely expressive of the peculiar qualities of the individual, that it *must* be the *vera effigies* of Antonio de' Allegri.

Art. III. *Thoughts chiefly designed as preparative or persuasive to private Devotion.* By John Sheppard, Author of a Tour in 1816, with incidental Reflections on Religion; and of an Inquiry on the Duty of Christians respecting War. 8vo. pp. xix. 276. Price 5s. London. 1824.

IT is well observed by Bishop Wilkins, that 'the true happiness of every Christian does properly consist in his spiritual communion with Gsd.' He, therefore, who endeavours to prepare our hearts for devotion, and to excite us to greater earnestness, fervency, and frequency in prayer, aims at the promotion of our highest enjoyment. Criticism might be disarmed of its severity by so benevolent an intention, were it to originate in an uncultivated mind, and to be developed in unpolished language, ordinary ideas, and feeble arguments. But when executed by one who evidently possesses a refined understanding and an elegant taste, combined with genuine religious feeling, we cannot refrain from expressing our cordial wish that the success of the undertaking may be commensurate with the excellence of the design, and exerting all our influence in its favour. In order to satisfy our readers that we do not overrate the qualifications of the Author and the

merits of his performance, we shall give a few specimens of the manner in which Mr. S. *thinks* and writes.

The volume consists of twenty-four chapters or Essays, under the following heads. I. On a right sense of the Divine greatness. II. On the omnipresence of Deity. III. On the efficacy of prayer. IV. On apathy respecting revealed truth. V. On imperfection of human thought and language. VI. On the greatness of the blessings sought in prayer. VII. On the importance of Divine influence on the thoughts. VIII. On exemption from disease. IX. On intercession for relatives and friends. X. On the moral perfections of the Deity. XI. Praise should be excited. XII. Private worship should be specific. XIII. On the prevalence of good. XIV. On torpor as to spiritual objects. XV. On the intercession of Christ. XVI. On the influence of slothful and sensual inclinations. XVII. On pre-occupation of the mind. XVIII. On recent sin. XIX. On prayer for fellow-Christians. XX. On dejection. XXI. On the power of God to correct. XXII. Want of joy should not discourage prayer. XXIII. Anniversaries should peculiarly prompt us to serious devotion. XXIV. On the capacities for worship in heaven.

Our first extract is selected from the second Essay, 'on the omnipresence of Deity.

' We are apt to attribute to the signs of thought an importance which is not at all essential to them, but which arises (great as it is to us) merely out of our own imperfection. Thought, when unrecorded, still more when unuttered, is, to us, an evanescent thing; which, from its fugitive unfixed character, seems hardly to have a real subsistence. And hence proceeds much illusion, both with regard to the extent of our moral responsibility, and the nature of prayer. It is not only our imperfection which needs these signs, but they are likewise, although to us most precious, exceedingly imperfect in themselves. Language dies in the very utterance. Inscriptions, even on brass and marble, perish. Writings and books, the most valuable repositories of thought, are more perishing still, and can only be perpetuated by renewal. Thus none of those symbols of thought, on which all our present knowledge, even the knowledge of a Saviour, and of eternal life depends, (and which, therefore, may be regarded as the best gifts of God's providence,) are permanent, or indelible. *They*, on the contrary, are the truly evanescent things. When "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up," those *works* in which the thoughts of human genius and erudition have been for ages treasured, and, as it were embalmed, will become fuel for that awful pile, as many like them have already perished in lesser conflagrations, and by other modes of destruction. We know not that even the records of revelation will be excepted

from this doom. But, when all mortal signs both of error and of truth are effaced, truth will remain perfect and unchanged in the Divine Mind, where also every thought of every thinking being must eternally dwell, or at least can be obliterated by no cause, except the Divine volition.

‘ It would be a denial of God’s omniscience, a supposition of imperfection in the Deity, not to believe this.

‘ We are not, however, hence to infer, that silent or mental prayer is usually desirable for us even in secret. On account of our weak and limited nature, it is probably for the most part otherwise. The utterance of words contributes to fix and form our thoughts, to give them order and connexion, and even to affect our hearts more deeply; we recognise more fully by this means the reality and continuity of prayer, and are more guarded against its distractions and inconstancies. Yet the firm persuasion that mental prayer is effective, and that we may really address an ever-present God, like that devout petitioner who “spake in her heart,” (even although our “lips” should not “move” as did hers,) is of great value, as encouraging a habit which can make every place and scene an *oratory*; a habit also which will best prepare us for those last moments or hours of earthly devotion, (we trust by far the most fervent and most blest,) when the tongue, the lip, the hand, the eye, shall successively fail in their weak and transient offices, but when the Spirit shall more closely commune with Him, as our Father, “who hath come unto us, and made his abode with us.” ’ pp. 13—16.

The fifteenth Essay, ‘ On the encouragement which the ‘ Intercession of Christ affords to Prayer,’ opens thus :

‘ When I consider how defective, how mean, and how defiled are the most solemn of my devotional services, I might well despond of their being any way acceptable to the Deity, or procuring for me any communication of his mercy and favour, were it not for the peculiar way of access and acceptance revealed. Not only my previous character of an offender, but the offences contained in acts of worship, might suffice to defeat my hopes. If a petitioner were to approach the most exalted, benevolent, and venerable of men, without manifesting any due impression of his dignity and excellence; if he were visibly and audibly to manifest the contrary, by unseemly gestures, and by wandering, incoherent, and even disgraceful expressions, mingling in every part of his professed supplication; if that supplication, though not a precomposed form, were evidently in many of its parts, mechanical; a sort of half-conscious exercise of memory, combined with vague desire; while the mind was chiefly occupied with the irrelevant and often base imaginations, which seemed interposed as insults to the majesty and patience of the hearer;—what should we augur of the reception and success of such a suppliant? Would not the servants or the friends of the personage addressed, be ready to remove the intruder unanswered, except by reproof? But my addresses to One who is ineffably more august and venerable than any created being, have often corresponded to this description, and

have always, more or less, partaken of this character. For thoughts and feelings not vocally expressed, are quite as substantial and apparent before the Omniscient God, as those which are uttered; they form, undeniably, as real a part of the action of the mind during any act of worship, as the confessions, petitions, or adorations, verbally pronounced. What then would be the texture and series of my prayers, if all the ideas and emotions which arise during their continuance, could be submitted to the view of others and my own, as they unquestionably are to the view of Him "that searcheth the hearts!" Would not the irreverent confusion and impious intermixture of things sacred and profane, solemn and trivial, spiritual and carnal, be enough to mortify the pride of a Stoic, and confound the self-righteousness of a Pharisee? If such a copy of the acts of my soul during secret devotion, could be faithfully noted down and set before me, it would certainly confirm in a most humbling manner, my conviction of spiritual weakness and depravity, and might justly induce despair of such services being well-pleasing to God; were it not for the consoling and cheering assurance that Jesus "ever liveth to make intercession for us:" that "we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, though without sin." It is in this belief alone, that I can, or ought to "come boldly unto the throne of grace;" but *with* this belief, notwithstanding the experience and the foresight of exceeding imperfection and unworthiness in my offerings, I may "have access with confidence." ' pp. 145—48.

The following appropriate and beautiful illustration occurs in the twenty-second Essay, entitled, 'We are not to be discouraged in prayer by the want of sensible fervour and joy.'

'We can imagine two seamen navigating the opposite extremities of the same broad ocean. On one, the sun has genially risen, and cheers his heart as it scatters brightness over the rippling waves. A favourable gale springs up. He is bid weigh anchor and hoist all sail. He obeys with alacrity and delight. There is no sense of fatigue or reluctance: with every strain of the cable his heart bounds homeward: he seems to descry already the cliffs of his native shore, and his loud cheers keep time with his animated efforts.—On the other, the dew of night is falling, or the sharp blast whistles round him. Every star is hidden. The vessel makes no way. Nothing can be seen, and he hears only the gloomy dash of the billow. He is directed to ascend the mast, to reef a sail, to labour at the pump. He steadily obeys: but it is in sadness. His heart is heavy, and his eye dull. No lively anticipation of the desired haven visits his mind. No note of animation or pleasure is heard. Still he continues instant in toil. Will it be said that this man shows no genuine trust and allegiance? Rather, surely, that the principle of faith or confidence in the master of the vessel is much more decisively proved and exhibited in his situation, than in that of the first named.'

pp. 219, 220.

Mr. S. has shewn us at the close of the first Essay, that he can happily imbody his *Thoughts* in verse. He has been endeavouring to illustrate the different degrees of real devotion in Christian worship, arising from a more profound or a feebler sense of the Divine being and greatness, by imagining three idolatrous worshippers of the Sun, engaged in their superstitious adoration at midnight, 'so that their sentiments or contemplations cannot be immediately derived from outward perceptions.' He supposes one of these to have such a knowledge of the magnitude and distance of the glorious luminary which he has converted into a God, as modern astronomy teaches; another, though destitute of that information, is an admiring observer of the facts and appearances which indicate the Sun's power and influence; and the third is represented as 'not having been at all accustomed to the contemplation of nature, or not feeling the importance of realizing the attributes of the object adored.' 'This last,' Mr. S. remarks, 'can hardly be said to believe that the *Sun* exists. He believes in the existence of a something so *called*; but, not investing this object by steadfast contemplation with any of its attributes, the belief seems to be in a sign, rather than in that which is signified.' 'Has not my worship,' he adds, 'of the infinitely glorious Creator, sometimes, for want of preparatory thoughts of his majesty, partaken of this character?'

'Bethink thee, slumberer, *whom* thou wouldst adore!
 Not that illustrious idol; but the Power
 Who lighted up its lustre; in whose grasp
 The fancied God, by sages idoliz'd
 That knew not half its grandeur, the vast orb
 Whose bright diameter a hundred earths
 Would scanty measure, is but as a lamp;
 One midst the countless lamps his hand upholds
 And feeds with brightness.—From this solar lamp
 Whose shining mass a million-fold exceeds
 Our "atom world," yet by remoteness shrinks
 To a mere disk, *He* bids the radiance fall
 On every rolling mountain of the floods;
 On every trembling drop that gems the plains;
 Tinge with its rosy touch the giant peaks
 Of the firm Andes, and the bending cup
 Of the minutest flower: exhale at morn
 The dews that fertilize a hemisphere,
 And dry some swift ephemeron's folded wing;
 Blaze in its torrid strength o'er sandy zones,
 Yet cheer the living microscopic mote
 Which flutters in its glow.—Thou worshipping Him

Who fix'd this gorgeous lamp, but who can quench
And spare its splendour ; can reveal his works
And bless them, were that orb extinct, and heaven
Grown starless at his word : who, when he made
Thee, conscious spirit, of the Eternal Mind
Reflective, wrought a work more marvellous,
More sumptuous, than a galaxy of suns !
He is the Sun of spirits, and his beams
Of all-pervading, all awakening thought,
Irradiate every angel's intellect,
Yet touch with gentlest light an infant soul !' p. 6.

We have been much pleased with Nos. VI. and XXIII.; but we cannot afford room for any further quotations. The seventh Essay, 'on the importance of Divine influence on the *'Thoughts,'* is treated in a very interesting manner, though it is not quite so perspicuous as we could wish. Indeed, the Author's principal fault appears to be, an occasional obscurity, which is increased by some of his sentences being of an immoderate length. As the work is calculated for extensive circulation and general utility, we think that Mr. S. has given rather too much indulgence to a philosophical and metaphysical taste ; and, on this ground, we should like to see the tenth and fourteenth Essays considerably modified and simplified, nor should we regret the entire omission of the appended Notes. The parentheses are by far too numerous, and many of the Italic words had better have retained the Roman type. The frequent use of Italics is a reflection on the discernment and penetration of the reader ; and perhaps Mr. S. will cease to be so partial to sentences in the midst of sentences, when we remind him of Lindley Murray's severe definition of a parenthesis, but which we are far from intending personally to apply,—'the perplexed method of disposing of some thought, which a writer wants judgement to introduce in its proper place.'

It would, in our estimation, have been an improvement, if these Essays had been addressed to the reader, instead of assuming the form of soliloquies. Though egotism cannot with any fairness be imputed to the Writer, on the ground of the form of expression he has adopted, yet, the repeated introduction of the pronoun *I*, will call our attention to the person who speaks or writes, even though we know that he intends us to apply his observations to ourselves. Hoping that these few critical hints and suggestions will be as candidly received as they are kindly intended, we must again express our decided approbation of this excellent little volume.

Art. IV. *Supplementary Annotations on Livy* : designed as an Appendix to the Editions of Drakenborch and Crevier : with some prefatory Strictures on the present State of Classical Learning in Great Britain. By John Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. pp. xlix. 290. 8vo. Price 12s. London, 1823.

IN a copious and rather desultory preface, the Author of these Annotations refers to the dissolution of his connexion as Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, the circumstances of which are briefly detailed. To *him*, the entire history of that transaction is highly creditable : it conveys the most honourable testimony to his Christian integrity. The resignation of his employments, and the abandonment of his honours and prospects, when he could no longer conscientiously exercise the functions of a minister of the Established Church of England and Ireland, was a noble sacrifice ; and it forms a striking contrast to the compromising principles upon which so many others have been able to subdue their scruples, and to retain their offices and emoluments within its pale. What Mr. Walker might now have been if he had less faithfully followed the guidance of the monitor within, it may not perhaps be easy to conjecture. He, however, counted the cost ; his probity has had its trial ; and we are glad to learn that, at this distance of time, a distance of nearly twenty years, he has never regretted the relinquishment of his former situation with all its advantages. We have read his statements with interest and sympathy, and we sincerely wish him the continued and increasing enjoyment of the pleasures of a good conscience.

In his prefatory strictures, Mr. Walker complains of the decline of classical learning in this country ; not that he would seem to apprehend any great actual diminution in the number of classical teachers, compared with those of former periods ; nor does he ground any of his objections on a supposed falling off in the circulation of classical books : his complaints respect quality, rather than quantity. Both the instructions and the publications of classical professors appear to him wanting in the qualifications essential to the attainment of the object for which a classical education is chiefly desirable—‘ a correct judgement and taste.’ This object is unquestionably one of primary importance, among those for which a literary culture is provided ; and if there be a failure of the former, it is not unreasonable to attribute it to the defects or errors of the latter. The popularity which so many recent works have obtained, that are as much to be censured for a careless and incorrect diction, as they are to be admired for the brilliant genius which they display, has to many sober persons appeared ominous of

a corruption of the national taste, if not a proof that its deterioration has already commenced. It is not, however, from vouchers of this description that Mr. Walker makes his report; nor has he adduced in support of his representations, any evidence derived from a survey of the great public seminaries of classical education in England. It is to the character of the Scholars of this country as writers, that he devotes the considerations of his preface, and to their defects that he ascribes the impoverished state of classical learning. 'If,' he remarks, 'scholars, in the prosecution of classical learning, had given the due prominence of attention to objects of many taste; I conceive that classical learning would not have lost its hold, so much as it has, on the public feeling.' Now whatever may be said on the other side, either by those who would dispute the correctness of the Author's assumption, or by those who would account for the alleged decline on different principles, and attribute the decreasing interest of classical literature to other causes, there is, we apprehend, some show of reason in Mr. Walker's complaints. The excessive attention which the more eminent scholars of this country have bestowed on verbal criticism, is one of the circumstances, perhaps the principal circumstance, to which the Author ascribes the fact which he assumes as indisputable. Remarks from an editor on the beauties of his author, or in explanation of his sentiments and his diction, seem, Mr. Walker remarks, to be excluded by a rule which has been practically established by the most critical editors of the Classics. 'And where any, like professor Heyne, have departed from that rule, their vague and meagre notices of undefined elegancies, in structure or in phrase, have little contributed to the refinement of the taste or information of the judgement.' We are not insensible to the value of those means by which the text of an ancient writer must be purified, or to the accomplished scholarship which has rendered illustrious the names of many editors of the Classics; we are thankful for their labours, and hold them in high respect. A correct text is the first object of attention to a critical editor, and it must be the result of very varied and ample erudition. But, with these admissions, it is not, we think, to be denied, that the passion for emendatory criticism among the scholars of our own times and country, has been in some respects injurious, though in others beneficial, to the cause of learning. It has been not only excessive, but almost exclusive. And in this vocation, a critical editor may, possibly, be labouring only to the detriment of his author: the errors which require to be corrected, and the obscurities which should be removed or elucidated, may be overlooked, where the keenest scrutiny of

verbal anomalies has been employed. The criticism from which a reader shall receive the proper means of improvement, should be enlightened, liberal, and comprehensive. It is to a deficiency of this kind of criticism that Mr. Walker refers. He has no objection to the niceties and abstrusities of criticism. 'I am,' he remarks, 'very well satisfied that *some* should devote their whole lives to the study of the Greek Choral Metres; if they be only as liberal in clearing the path for others, as they are industrious in pursuing it for themselves.' But there are, we agree with him in thinking, higher and more useful results than these verbal niceties, which the less learned have reason to expect from scholars of superior pretensions. The diffusion, in a state of advanced improvement, of that knowledge which is to enlarge, to purify, and to exalt the human faculties, to meliorate the institutions of society, and to establish and amplify the liberty of mankind, is within the scope of their obligations, and within the reach of their exertions. The extent to which classical literature may be made available for the promotion of objects like these, cannot be mistaken or underrated by any enlightened scholar, or considered as of little account, even by those persons who may be disposed to regard its uses and its facilities as belonging rather to the embellishments of society than to the higher interests and destiny of men. In either case, the services of the classical editors of this country will probably be regarded as less meritorious than the celebrity which some of them have acquired would seem to imply. To enter fully into the subject, would lead us into a wider field of discussion than we are at liberty to traverse. Thus much, however, we may say; that if the names of the most celebrated and instructive authors of antiquity be passed through the minds of our readers, the instances will not, we think, be found very numerous, in which the labours of modern scholars in England have been extensively and beneficially applied to their correction and interpretation.

If, with the real knowledge of the classics, 'the interests of all correct taste, all sound literature, and all solid science' also, are inseparably connected, every indication of its decline must be considered as threatening evils of too serious a kind to be viewed without alarm. The prevention of the implied consequences becomes not only a useful, but a necessary cure. That the consequences may be prevented, and the credit of classical learning be restored, is the opinion of the present Annotator. The means of correction and improvement are, he thinks, at hand, and require only to be vigorously employed that they may be completely successful. Some of

the proposed remedies are suggested in the following paragraph.

• Why should not the Universities employ their scholars and their printing presses, for supplying our schools with proper editions of the Classics; and with all the literary apparatus needful for their study?—Why should not the two Universities of England throw open their gates *for education* to the Dissenters,—(as the one University in Ireland has long done with safety,)—however they might still confine their emoluments and their offices to those who conform to the religion of the state? Why rather should not the Dissenters of England—(with whom, however, either in a religious or political view, I should be very sorry to be considered as making a common cause)—why should not a body so numerous, so wealthy, and so powerful, have such a seminary for the highest education, as should rival our Universities in literary character, though not in opulence or splendour? The continued want of any such seminary is at once their opprobrium, and one of the glaring evidences of the decline of solid learning in the country. It is not by the opening of Theological Academies for the education of *non-conforming* ministers, that the want can be really supplied.' Pref. xxii.

These proposed remedies will, we apprehend, be regarded by persons not less acquainted with the Universities and with the Dissenters than Mr. Walker, as insufficient for the removal of the evils which are supposed to exist, or for the securing of the advantages which are represented as so important and desirable. One of the remedies, it appears, has been applied in Ireland, where Dissenters are admitted, in common with Churchmen, to the benefits of a University education. Is the state of classical learning, then, more flourishing in Ireland, than it is in England? Are the educated classes there more distinguished for correctness of judgement and taste, than those of this country? Have the classics been edited with a decided superiority of learning and adaptation to usefulness by Irish scholars? Are the evidences of an erudite and accomplished education more common and more decisive among the gownsmen of Trinity College, Dublin, than they are among the gownsmen of Trinity College, Cambridge? If these queries should receive a negative answer, it will be reasonable to infer, that the remedy in question would not be sufficient to effect the object for which it is proposed. We can easily understand that the admission of Dissenters into the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, might be a means of extending the advantages which those seats of learning confer; but, as no essential difference in the pursuits of learning, or in the inducements to engage in them, could be consequent on the introduction of Dissenters, we cannot so easily perceive that this measure

would be in favour of a better cultivation of Classical literature. The admission of Dissenters would only increase the number of residents; it would not supply either better means, or stronger motives than those which exist. We are not disputing either the benefit to Dissenters of a superior education, or the reasonableness of admitting them to a full participation of its advantages, by throwing open to them the gates of the Universities; but we are referring to such a measure simply as a means of advancing to higher degrees of excellence 'the real knowledge of the Classics.' To the proposal of increasing the number of correct and useful editions of the Classics from the University presses, we subscribe our cordial approbation. Who does not regret that the publication of such a work as Dr. Maltby's edition of Morell's Thesaurus from the Cambridge press, is so rare an occurrence? Or that the editions of Cicero and Livy from the Clarendon press, are only republications of Ernesti's and Drakenborch's texts?

Mr. Walker has been very careful not to identify himself with the Dissenters of England; he likes not either their religious or their political character. He has, however, shewn himself friendly to their reputation in one respect, and has thrown out a suggestion in reference to an object which he considers as closely connected with their importance in society. Why, he asks, should not a body so numerous, so wealthy, and so powerful, have such a seminary for the highest education, as should rival our Universities in literary character? The continued want of such a seminary, he pronounces to be at once their opprobrium, and one of the glaring evidences of the decline of solid learning in the country. As such a seminary has never existed among Dissenters, we cannot perceive the cogency of the proof which would seem to be relied on in this last assertion. That such a seminary has not been instituted by Dissenters, is, perhaps, owing to the circumstance, that, though they are numerous and wealthy, they are not a *body*. There are not either common feelings or common interests to unite them in a measure of this nature. The project of a Dissenting University will appear little less than visionary, we think, to persons whose acquaintance with the several classes of Dissenters is sufficiently particular and extensive to enable them to form a competent opinion on the subject. Admitting the desirableness and the utility of such an institution, the difficulties which must suggest themselves to the consideration of persons favourable to its establishment, are so numerous and so formidable as to forbid their cherishing the hope of seeing its commencement. Funds, permanent endowments, and other necessary means of support must

be provided. Whence shall they be obtained? Dissenters have no spells to bind on the consciences of men, from the operation of which they might receive the chattels and the lands of the dying as bequests to pious uses. Their ministers perform no masses, enjoin no penances; they have no purgatory in their creed; these sources of ecclesiastical revenue would supply nothing towards rendering them wealthy. Their customary method of raising supplies must be their only dependence,—voluntary contribution. It is a University that is contemplated, not a number of separate, independent Colleges. Would it not be a previous point, to consult on the propriety of relinquishing the several academies for the education of 'Non-conforming Ministers,' and of consolidating their respective funds in aid of the new Institution? Or, shall these be preserved distinct, and retain their original character as Theological seminaries, a residence in which shall still be deemed requisite after the completion of a University education, or during the intervals of University vacations? Will it be necessary to obtain the concurrence of *all* Dissenters in the project? If so, is there the probability that a system of primary articles in which they shall all agree, can be provided? If the union of all Dissenters be not considered as an essential preliminary, will the proposed Institution answer the end for which it is wanted? Shall subscription to articles of faith be required as a condition of admission to the new Institution? Or shall pledges be taken from the resident conductors of its business, for the profession of any definite tenets of religion? These are some of the questions which will obviously occur in connexion with the proposed measure. There are many others which must be considered. It would, we know, be quite easy for some persons to sit down, and devise a plan, in which buildings, localities, revenues, professors, masters, a rector, or chancellor, modes of education, and every other requisite of a University should appear very distinctly. But the question must necessarily be viewed in reference to the existing state of Dissenters; and so viewed, it is, we think, a question of impracticabilities.

Whether there be any urgent considerations which may be supposed to interest Dissenters generally in the question, is, we conceive, doubtful. It is quite obvious, that 'the highest' education is not required for their ministers, who are but too frequently selected apart from every consideration of learning, and whose qualifications are expected to be of a different kind from those which it is the design of an University education to impart. For classical attainments in Dissenting Ministers,

there is scarcely any demand among Dissenters. There are but few other offices or situations among Dissenters, that require from candidates even so much as a superficial acquaintance with ancient literature; and therefore, though we agree with Mr. Walker, that the opening of Theological Academies for Non-conforming Ministers will never supply the place of a seminary for the highest classical learning, yet, we think that they are fully adequate to confer all the learning which those who have the choosing of non-conforming ministers, are concerned about finding in them.

One object which would be in some minds connected with the existence of a Dissenting University, the obtaining of degrees, is abundantly provided for by other means. There are degrees which are somewhat rare among Dissenters, but they are such as indicate inferior graduation: of the higher titles there is an ample number. A. B. is an appendage which is, we believe, altogether unknown among Dissenting divines; M.A. sometimes glitters at the end of a name; but of LL.D.'s and D.D.s, there is quite a galaxy. Where, then, the highest honours are so profusely obtained by Dissenters, without a Dissenting University, what inducement is there to found such an institution for the denomination, from which literary titles may be derived?

Previous connexion with one or other of the two Universities, is considered as at least affording facilities in respect to the higher branches of the legal profession; and so long as the excluding statutes are in operation, which forbid the honours and emoluments of office to be conferred upon Dissenters, University residence, either at Oxford or Cambridge, will be regarded as affording peculiar advantages to young men preparing for their entrance into public life. Would the establishment of a Dissenting University be the means of providing an effective substitute for the advantages of connexion with Oxford or Cambridge? We should imagine not. The latter would still retain its superiority. We know the charm which subsists in a name, the importance which antiquity confers upon Institutions of royal and noble foundation, the effect of association, where present circumstances bring an ardent mind into connexion with the illustrious men of former times. We know the difference too between eligibility to the highest offices and entire exclusion from offices. Even if the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, the advantages of University residence would remain nearly, or altogether the same. The inferior estimation in which any new Academic Institution on a large scale among Dissenters would necessarily be held, must present to the projectors of any such object

a further check to their zeal, and should induce them to count well the cost before they begin to build. We advert to this point because we well know that it is among the anticipations and purposes of some persons who have thought of the subject, to provide by such means for the equal eligibility of Dissenters to the honours and offices of the State.

We have Mr. Walker's *Annotations* before us, and must therefore attend to our proper business as Reviewers. Before, however, we dismiss the present topic, we would express our hope, that the restrictions which exclude professed Dissenters from the English Universities will in time be removed. They ought to be the Universities of the nation, not of the Church. They are no more the property, on the original tenures of their endowment, of the Protestant Church of England, than they are of the Protestant Dissenters. Many of the Statutes of their founders are a dead letter: the conditions of the grant by which much of their wealth has been conveyed, are not being fulfilled. There can, therefore, be no irresistible force in the arguments which are so pertinaciously urged in support of the restrictive system, derived from the design of the founders of those ancient Institutions, and asserting the principle of justice as opposed to innovation. The progress of knowledge will effect, we are persuaded, changes in the state of society equally great with the object to which we have alluded, when the obligations of religion shall be exhibited apart from the means and the rewards of learning. Then, the classic groves on the banks of the Isis and the Cam will no longer be interdicted ground; and the invitations which encourage the aspirants after literary honour to press forward to those venerable shades, will be addressed to them without the restriction which at present qualifies them. *Cuncti adsint, meritaeq. expectent Præmia, Palmæ.*

An edition of *Livy* in seven volumes octavo, intended to combine the advantages of Crevier's and Drakenborch's editions of the Roman Historian, with original notes, was published several years ago by Mr. Walker, under the sanction of the University of Dublin. The knowledge and use of this edition seem to be nearly confined to the sister kingdom, as the Author complains in his preface, that he was unable, with the assistance of his friends, to introduce it to the notice of the scholars of this country. That edition we never had an opportunity of seeing; but if the notes before us afford a tolerably fair means of estimating the value of Mr. Walker's former editorial labours, we should say, that they are not less worthy of being patronised, than those of some other editors which have become better known. He may perhaps be right in his conjecture, that the

booksellers of this country would not be very forward to support the copy-right publications of the University of Dublin; but he is, we should hope, mistaken, when he attributes the unpopularity of his *Livy* to the control of the trade over Reviewers. Our own Journal, we assure him, is under no such control; nor are booksellers, any more than authors, able to influence our proceedings. The success of a publication is often the consequence of adventitious circumstances, which even those Lords of Literature, the booksellers, cannot prevent, and which the whole fraternity of Reviewers are unable to direct.—Mr. Walker's edition of *Livy* may be a very meritorious publication, though it is little known, and still less used, on this side of the Irish channel.

Of Mr. Walker's qualifications for the office which he has undertaken, the volume now before us contains most respectable proofs. *Livy* never came into the hands of a scholar who felt more forcibly or more warmly the impression of his excellencies, or was prepared to accompany him through his narrative with greater animation and delight. The Roman Historian never had a more zealous guardian of his fame. He has not, indeed, entered into any formal discussion of the merits of his author, compared with other writers on the Roman affairs; he has not endeavoured to establish the credibility of particular events which have been considered as of doubtful character; nor have we any critical dissertations on the merits of the History as a composition; but the occasions are not few in which we find, in addition to matter purely critical and emendatory, observations discriminative of the varied excellencies of *Livy's* writing, and distinguishing its beauties. The office which Mr. Walker has undertaken, is simply that of an Annotator; and much of the labour which he has employed, is directed to the determination of the value of readings sanctioned by preceding commentators, or neglected by them, and particularly to those in respect to which the editions of Drakenborch and Crevier differ from each other; his opinion being generally in favour of the superiority of the French critic. Mr. Walker shews himself to be well versed in the niceties of construction, and in the knowledge of the power of verbal expressions; his penetration is acute and accurate, seldom misleading his judgement; and the emendations which he proposes, are frequently improvements, and always entitled to consideration. We shall copy some of these Annotations as a sample of the collection. In the following observations, we think the Author is wrong: they relate to the description of the combat between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, *Livy* lib. 1. c. 25.

There is an expression, at the close of the narrative, which I think calls for some remark; though from the silence of the commentators it seems to have presented to them no difficulty. *Romani ovantes ac gratulantes Horatium accipiunt; eò majore cum gaudio, quò prope metum res fuerat.* What might seem at first view the most obvious interpretation of these words, is certainly inconsistent with the preceding narrative. The matter had been more than *prope metum*; for, at one period of the combat, we are told that—*Romanas legiones jam spes tota, nondum tamen cura, deseruerat, examines vice unius, &c.* Assuredly therefore Livy does not mean to tell us, that the Romans had been almost afraid of the issue. I conceive his meaning to be, that the success of their champion had followed close upon their apprehension for his safety;—that their joy at his triumph was the greater, from the suddenness with which it succeeded their fear of his defeat.

But Livy makes no reference to the suddenness of the champion's success, and *prope metum* has evidently no other meaning than as it denotes the perilous state of the combat as against the Romans. Nor is the phrase *prope metum*, as Mr. Walker supposes, at all inconsistent with the *spes tota deseruerat* of a preceding sentence; the expressions referring clearly to different times and states of the combat, and the former being limited to the case of the surviving Horatius. The Romans had given up every expectation of victory when they saw two of their champions fall, *spes tota deseruerat*; but when they beheld Horatius uninjured in fight, separating by stratagem the three Curiatii, all of whom were wounded, the probability of success immediately dawned upon them; and when the first of the Curiatii was slain, the Romans cheered their champion, *clamore, qualis ex insperato faventium solet*, in the manner customary with those who receive unlooked for advantages. The issue of the combat, however, was still doubtful; as depending on their surviving champion, it was to the Romans *prope metum*. And as the issue was to determine their sovereignty or their subjection, the Historian referring, at the close of the description, to *this state and period of the combat*, describes the apprehension of the Romans as being that of fear or doubt, *prope metum res fuerat*. The Romans received the victor Horatius with joy so much the greater as the case with respect to him, and depending upon him, had been exceedingly perilous.

Lib. I. c. 27. *Ubi satis subisse sese ratus est, erigit totam aciem.*

Crevier seems to me altogether to mistake the meaning of the word *erigit* in this passage. His interpretation is—"Stare jubet; ubi enim agmen sistitur, miles et corpus et hastam erigit."—Livy has told us that the Alban chief at first slowly approached the hills—*sensim ad montes succedit*. But now, when he has drawn sufficiently

near them, he makes a more rapid movement up the mountains. Of this use of the verb *erigere* we have a decisive example in III. 18. *in clivum Capitolinum erigit aciem*. So also X. 26. *Scipio... loco adjurandam paucitatem suorum militum ratus, in collem... aciem erexit* :— for thus certainly we ought to read the passage, and not *in colle*, as it stands in all the editions which I have examined, except Ruddiman's. The alteration is supported by a few MSS. but, independently of all MSS., I conceive there can be no doubt that it restores the genuine reading. The phrase *agmen in collem erigere* occurs also in Sil. Ital. III. 512.

No critical reader can hesitate to receive the interpretation given by Mr. Walker as the true one : Crevier is obviously in error. To the instances quoted above, many others might be added equally pertinent, or more decisive :—in *adversos montes agmen erigeret*. 2. 31.—*erigere agmen in tumultum*. 7. 34.—in *adversum clivum erigitur agmen*. 9. 31.—*montes proximos... eo et Romana erigitur acies*. 43.—*erigere in montes agmen*. 10. 14. The description of the demolition of Alba, C. 29. which Mr. Walker has commended to the youthful reader as a study worthy of his closest attention, is a fine specimen of Livy's descriptive powers, and merits all the praise which the Annotator has bestowed upon it. The entire paragraph is most exquisitely written : not even a poet could have represented the entire scene with more striking effect.

* Lib. I. c. 43. *In his accensi cornicines tibicinesque, in tres centurias distributi*.

* The editors generally suppose that Livy here states *three* distinct descriptions of persons, thrown into three centuries : but whom we are to understand by the *accensi*, they are quite at a loss to say. Perizonius alone seems to intimate, that the word *accensi* is to be taken for *accensi sunt* ; and I have little doubt but that this was Livy's meaning. But I am also strongly disposed to think, that we should read (with one M.S.) *INTER centurias distributi*, instead of *in tres*. The *cornicines* and *tubicines* were rated and assessed with the fifth class ; but not forming distinct centuries of their own, nor in the military levy taking the field together, but distributed among the other centuries, as there was occasion for them. We may easily account for the change of *inter* by the copyists to *in tres* ; and for the confirmation of the error by the supposition that *accensi* was a substantive. The proposed change also will give an *odd* number for the sum of all the centuries ; and that it was so is more than probable.*

This proposed correction is ingenious, but not, we think, of unquestionable character. Mr. Walker's reference to the *accensi* would seem to exclude the meaning of the word as an appellative noun. But the *accensi* are mentioned as attendants upon the magistrates, L. 3. c. 33. Dr. Adam;

in his account of the *Decemviri*, (Roman Antiquities, p. 156. Ed. 1801.) has strangely mistaken the meaning of this passage of Livy. 'The twelve *fascēs*,' he states, 'were carried before him who was to preside, and his nine colleagues were attended by a single officer, called ACCENSUS, Liv. iii. 33.' What Livy says, is, that each of the nine was attended by an *accensus*,—'collegis novem singuli accensi adparebant.'

'Lib. II. c. 5. *Quum inter omne tempus pater, vultusque et os ejus, spectaculo esset, eminente animo patrio inter publicæ pænæ ministerium.*

'I am persuaded that Crevier rightly interprets the latter words:—the feelings of the father being obviously distinguishable, during the execution which he superintended as the public magistrate. There is an evident antithesis between the words *patrio* and *publicæ*: and the sense assigned to *eminente* is abundantly confirmed by numerous classical authorities. Let two suffice from Cicero. Pro S. Rosc. Amer. 41. *Quod, quo studiosius ab ipsis opprimitur et absconditur, eo magis eminet et apparet.* V. In Verr. 62. *Ardebant oculi: toto ex ore crudelitas eminebat.*—Drakenborch indeed gives another, and a most strange interpretation of the words. And I am aware that Dionysius and others relate, that Brutus viewed the execution of his sons without betraying any emotion. But I confess, I think that Livy shews better taste in the narrative: and in a matter of such remote antiquity, circumstances of this kind must be described according to the taste of the narrator.'

'C. 15. *Non in regno populum Romanum, sed in libertate esse.*

'This is another passage, on which I could wish that the commentators—generally so liberal of their expositions—had not been absolutely silent. I cannot persuade myself that the real meaning of the words is—what they might be supposed most obviously to present—that the Roman people were not now under a kingly government, but in the enjoyment of a free constitution. Did not Porsena know this fact, without their informing him of it? But I conceive, that the words are intended to confirm the immediately preceding sentiment—*nisi in perniciem suam faciles esse vellet.* In a kingly government, the Roman people had (as it were) no existence, i. e. were of no weight in the state; *in regno non esse populum Romanum*,—or *nullum esse*:—their political being therefore was involved in their liberty.'

'Lib. IV. c. 20. *ea libera conjectura est. Sed (ut ego arbitror) vana versare in omnes opiniones licet quum auctor pugnae, &c.*

'I conjecture that these words ought to be very differently pointed; as follows:—*ea libera conjectura est, sed, ut ego arbitror, vana; (versare in omnes opiniones licet) quum auctor pugnae, &c.* That is—"this may afford another conjecture, [viz. about the time when Cossus won the *spolia opima*] which any who please are at liberty to adopt; the field of conjectural opinion being open on all sides: but, in my judgment, the conjecture is idle; as Cossus himself has left it on record that he was Consul when he won the spoils."

' On the question itself, concerning the proper nature of the *spolia opima*, I would observe, in opposition to Perizonius and most of the commentators, that I hold the authority of Livy, Plutarch, Dio, and others, as of much greater weight, than the supposed assertion of Varro, which we have at second hand through Festus,—*opima spolia etiam esse, si manipularis miles detraxerit, dummodo duci hostium*. If Varro ever said so,—(and Perizonius himself confesses that Festus is mistaken on other points)—I conceive that he must have used the term *opima spolia* in that laxer sense, in which it occurs, xxiii. 46. and which Livy here sets aside by the words—*ea ritè opima spolia habentur, quæ dux duci detraxit*. To me it appears very improbable, that the highest military honour among the Romans, which none but three persons ever attained, should have been open even to common soldiers. It appears also little consistent with the origin of the custom, and the recorded language of Romulus at the dedication of the first spoils:—*hæc tibi victor Romulus rex regia arma fero*. i. 10.—But I am still more strongly persuaded, that the opinion which Crevier hazards is unwarrantable; namely, that Livy in this chapter purposely obscures historic truth, in order to ingratiate himself with Augustus. That imputation is abundantly repelled by the freedom and manly spirit, with which he expresses himself in various passages of his history, and which appears even in his preface, when he speaks of—*hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus*.'

Crevier is certainly right in representing the account given by Livy in Lib. iv. c. 20, as very obscure. That Cossus was only a military tribune when he slew Tolumnius, and deposited the *spolia opima* in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, is repeated by Livy, c. 32. The reason assigned by Crevier to account for the confusion apparent in the text of Livy, is unfavourable, certainly, to the reputation of the Historian. But, though Crevier has, in this instance, hazarded an opinion which imputes unfair dealing to Livy, justice requires that the imputation should be limited to the particular circumstance which is the subject of that editor's animadversion. The testimony borne by Crevier to the independence and probity of Livy, is ample and decisive: no editor, not even Mr. Walker himself, could more explicitly or more strongly assert his integrity as a writer. 'Nec vero eloquentia tantum claruit Livii, sed laudatur et fides, quæ prima virtus ab historiarum scriptore requiritur.—Ausum esse eum vera etiam cum offensionis periculo dicare, veritatisque studiosiorem fuisse, quam gratiæ imperantis.—Sed et in iis quæ hodie supersunt, nulla apparet assentationis erga eum qui rerum potiretur suspicio.—ejus fidem, quæ adversus gratiam potentiorum inconcussa stetit.' (*Pref. in Livium*.) 'Livy is distinguished not more for eloquence than for integrity.—He dared, at

‘ the hazard of giving offence, to publish truth, and was more studious of veracity than of the favour of great men. In the books of his History which remain, there is no evidence of his being a flatterer of men in power.—his integrity was incorruptible and immoveable.’ We have cited these passages at length, for the purpose of obviating any injurious impression against Crevier which might arise from the perusal of Mr. W.’s note.

‘ C. 37. *Primo prælio, quod ab Sempronio incautè inconsultèque commissum est, &c.*

‘ Crevier would expunge the word *primo*, because this was the only battle fought by Sempronius. But all the MSS. give *primo prælio*; and it may well stand, if we only consider it as equivalent with *initio prælii*: just as he uses *prima pugna*, vii. 17. So in c. 33. *ultimo prælio* is used for *fine prælii*, and *postremo prælio*, xxx. 18. Ter. prol. in Adel. 9. *in prim. fabulâ*, for *in primâ fabulæ parte*: and commonly *extremo anno*, for *anni extrema parte*.

The word *primo* should certainly be retained, it is evidently used with *prælio*, as Mr. Walker states, in the sense of *onset*, like *primo concursu*, *primo impetu*, and other similar expressions. In c. 47, we have *primo prælio* again:—*itaque primo statim prælio quum dictator equitatu inmisso antesignanos hostium turbasset.*

‘ Lib. XXIV. c. 40. *Hæc nunciantes orabant, ut opem ferret, hostemque haud dubium Romanis terrâ aut maritimis viribus arceret; qui ob nullam aliam causam, nisi quod imminerent Italiæ, peterentur.*

‘ The text is here confessedly corrupt; and various emendations have been proposed. I would suggest as the most simple, that we should merely expunge *aut*, and (with Gronovius) read *urbibus* for *viribus*, and *quæ* for *qui*. I would then interpret the words—*hostem haud dubium Romanis terrâ*—as importing the certainty that Philip would cope with the Romans *on land*. Macedon was never a considerable maritime power; nor had the Romans any thing to apprehend from Philip *by sea*. But the ambassadors suggest that the maritime cities, of which he was endeavouring to possess himself, would facilitate his descent on Italy. It is to be observed that the MSS. give—not *aut*—but *ac*: and I conceive that the transcribers naturally inserted that copulative, from not perceiving that *terrâ* was to be connected with *hostem haud dubium Romanis*.’

Crevier thought the emendation proposed by Gronovius too hazardous to be admitted, and he has ventured to do nothing more in his note, than mark the passage as corrupt. We doubt the propriety of the reading which Mr. Walker would adopt, retaining *terrâ*, which Gronovius rejects; for, if it were not the design of Philip to oppose the Romans *by sea*, where else could he contend against them but *on land*? It

may be true enough, that Macedon was never a considerable maritime power; but it is not so evident that the Romans had nothing to apprehend from the naval equipments of Philip: singly, they might not fear him, but, in alliance with other enemies, he might be formidable. Philip, says Livy, became an enemy to the Romans at a very inauspicious juncture—*hostis tempore haud satis opportuno factus*, 26. 38. And when the correspondence between Philip and Hannibal, which had been intercepted, was laid before the senate at Rome, ‘*gravis cura Patres incessit, cernentes, quanta vix tolerantibus Punicum bellum, Macedonici belli moles instaret*,’ the prospect of a Macedonian war, to them scarcely able to bear that in which they were engaged with the Carthaginians, was alarming. (23. 38.) Now the terms of the treaty between Philip and the Carthaginians were, that he should pass over into Italy with as large a fleet as possible, and that he should make war against the Romans, both *by land and sea*,—‘*bellum pro parte sua terra marique gereret*,’ (23. 33.) We should therefore think, that *maritimis viribus* is to be retained in the text of Livy, and that *urbibus* is inadmissible. That it should be so, would seem to be confirmed by the account given in the close of the chapter—‘*Itaque, Philippus, neque terrestri neque navali certamine satis fore parem se fidens*,’

‘*Lib. XXVI. c. 8.....imperatoribus, qui ad Capuam essent, scribendum censuit, quid ad urbem præsidi esset: quantas autem Hannibal copias duceret, aut quanto exercitu ad Capuam obsidendam opus esset, ipsos scire*,’

‘The mode of printing and pointing this passage in Drakenborch’s edition is very bad, and quite vitiates the sense.—At the close also of the 6th chapter, his punctuation falsely connects the words—*iis... honores detrectantibus*—with the preceding clause of the sentence, instead of with the following.—In the 7th chapter I suspect that the words—*quæ salutaris illis foret*—are a gloss.

‘The rapid sketch which Livy draws in the 9th chapter, of the state of Rome on the news of Hannibal’s march for the city, is wonderfully animated; and the two leading objects in it are finely contrasted,—the lamentations and prayers of the helpless females, with the calm activity of the magistrates and the senate. Observe the fine asyndeton, in which the narrative proceeds, from the words:—*Senatus magistratibus in foro præsto est*. But I forbear.—I have been forced however to remark on the latter part of the 16th chapter,—“*Ceterum hæc omnia nollem Livium scripsisse. Apage istam lenitatem, consiliumque ab omni parte laudabile! At, qui totus Romanus est, omne non Romanum a se alienum putat*.”’

‘*Lib. XXX. c. 44. Nec esse in vos, odio vestro, consultum credatis. Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest: si foris hostem non habet, domi invenit, &c.*

Walker's *Annotations on Livy*:

‘Crevier’s exposition of this passage will scarcely satisfy any one ; us indeed it did not satisfy himself. Drakenborch would read *Necesse est, in vos, &c.* But though it would be perfectly admissible to read *necesse* for *nec esse*, and though we may often interpret *odio vestro* as equivalent with *odio erga vos* ; yet the sentiment thus deduced—(at least as presented by Drakenborch)—seems to me most meagre, unworthy of Livy, and unsuitable to the force and spirit with which Hannibal is described as expressing himself. For what marvel that the Romans should have been instigated by their *hatred* to take measures against the Carthaginians ?

‘My own opinion is, in the first place, that the words *in vos* are the mere gloss of a scholiast, interpreting *odio vestro* as importing *odio in vos*. In numerous instances I am persuaded that the text of Livy has been deformed by the insertion of such marginal glosses. Now, if we merely expunge these words, and read—*Necesse, odio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*—I think we shall have a considerable improvement in the text and of the sentiment ; taking *odio vestro* in the dative case, and considering the words *ab ROMANIS* emphatic. “When they disarmed you, and interdicted you from foreign wars, then it was ye ought to have wept. That was the deadly blow. For surely ye must be persuaded of the *Romans*, that in this they consulted—not your good and quiet—but their own animosity.”

‘Still I do not think that we have the text of Livy. I am more than suspicious that he wrote—*nec esse otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*. Let the classical reader examine this conjectural emendation in connexion with the whole context, particularly with the words immediately following,—*Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest* ; and I should expect that he will not lightly reject it. After the transcribers had changed *otio* to *odio*, the second error of inserting *in vos* naturally followed. My attempt to restore the text has proceeded in an order the converse of that in which I think it was corrupted.—In my edition of Livy I have proposed another remedy ; but I am not now disposed to recommend it.’ pp. 178–9.

Drakenborch has more than once fallen under the reprehension of Mr. Walker, for adopting as his own the conjectural emendations of Crevier, without acknowledgement. A severe critic might, in the case before us, be disposed to follow his example, and remind him how little claim the proposed alteration in the text of Livy has to be considered as original. It was suggested many years ago by Gibbon, and was perhaps then not proposed for the first time. It would be an amusing employment, to trace some readings through the very numerous adoptions which they have undergone, till we should find them under the patronage of their proper authors. The proposed correction may be probably of a less recent date than Gibbon’s apparent title to it would seem to denote. In the *Memoirs of his own Life and Writings*, the Historian of the “Decline

"and Fall of the Roman Empire," gives an account of his communicating to Crevier, an account of the difficulties which he felt in reading the part of Hannibal's speech which is comprised in Mr. Walker's extract; and in the Appendix, he has inserted the answer of Crevier to his letter. 'It occurred to me,' says Gibbon, 'that the change of a single letter, by substituting *otio* instead of *odio*, might restore a clear and consistent sense.' Crevier approved this conjecture, but, in addition to Gibbon's emendation, would change *in vos* into *in his*, and read thus: *Nec esse in his otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*—'Do not believe that the Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make war on foreign nations, meant thereby to promote your tranquillity.' We much doubt whether this be an admissible reading. The alteration is entirely founded on conjecture, and is too extensive to be received without authority. Nor does it, we confess, appear to us to restore a clear and consistent sense. It does not seem to accord with the spirit and tenor of the speech. It was surely unnecessary for Hannibal to assume in his address to the Carthaginians, that the Romans intended their repose by the severe measures which they had taken against them. Besides, Hannibal's speech is, from beginning to end, a bitter taunt. A writer in the *Classical Journal*, (No. xxx. p. 369.) who proposes to retain the old reading, which he thinks may be vindicated by a passage in Justin—*odiis consulens*, (Lib. VI. 6.) quotes the second edition of Hooke's *Roman History*, where the passage is translated as if *otio* were the reading. We have referred to the *first* edition, where the passage is given (Vol. I. p. 298.)—'Do not flatter yourselves that the Romans have consulted your quiet.' Gibbon's correspondence with Crevier is dated 1756; Hooke's *History* was published in 1745, and very probably suggested the reading to Gibbon. Mr. Walker, therefore, has no claim to the honour of being the original proposer of *otio*. Perhaps, after all the objections which have been raised, and all the criticisms which have been applied to the passage, the old reading is entitled to the preference, though we consider the construction as differing from the supposed parallel in Justin:—Believe not that, in your hatred (while you were hating each other), the Romans had designs against you—*Nec esse in vos, odio vestro, consultum ab Romanis credatis*.—q. d. Your mutual hatreds have been more destructive to your interests than the Roman arms.

Art. V. *Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the Years 1821 and 1822.* By a Field Officer of Cavalry. 8vo. pp. 372. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1823.

ALTHOUGH this volume does not contribute much information of a topographical kind, nor, as a book of travels, is it distinguished by merit of the highest order, yet, it cannot be read without pleasure, or, we might say, without instruction, and the pious spirit which pervades it, must inspire in every one a high esteem for the Writer. He states himself, indeed, to be anxious that his readers should understand, 'that his efforts have been mostly directed to the collection of information connected with the exertions of those Societies which have been instituted for the conversion and instruction of Pagan nations; and that if any profits shall arise from the sale of the work, they are intended to be entirely devoted to the promotion of Christian Missions in general.'

'Circumstances of a private nature having led me to determine on passing a few years in India, I planned at an early period the tour I was afterwards enabled to execute, through the southern province of that country. A visit to the Syrian churches in the neighbourhood of Travancore being the principal object I had in view, with the additional intention of inquiring into the state of the Christian Missions of various denominations, now existing on the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, and of learning whether the progress made in the great work of converting the native heathen to Christianity, justified the pecuniary sacrifices made by the English nation to that effect; as well as whether the reports of the Missionaries themselves were sufficiently accurate to admit of my own future reliance on their judgement and truth.'

On the 1st of December 1820, the Author left Bangalore for Madras. The road, on the first day, lay through a flat, uninteresting tract without wood, and the country continues to wear a wild and uncultivated aspect as far as the Pedanaigdoorgum Pass through the Ghauts. About half way, however, between Colar, a tolerably large Mahomedan town, and Bait-mungalum, the last town in the territories of the Mysore Rajah, is a village presenting a singularly romantic appearance. It is built in the midst of huge masses of granite, from which the rudely formed cottages are scarcely discernible. 'The traveller is altogether surprised at seeing a wild rocky desert suddenly peopled, and swarming with natives in all directions, eyeing him over the summits and through the crevices of these primeval mansions.'

'The road through the pass is in a totally neglected and ruinous state; but the scenery almost makes amends for it even in the eyes

of the luxurious inhabitant of India. Successive rocks covered with verdure, and intersected by deep, narrow ravines, through which the road winds, conforming its direction to the course that Nature herself seems to have traced out, and in some few places indebted to art only in its rudest state, afford an agreeable contrast to that unvarying sameness of feature which the Mysore almost every where presents.'

The route on the fifth day led through 'the valley of Amboor;' a tract where, for the first time in India, the Author beheld the richest cultivation extending for many miles on both sides of the road. Beyond this, a low marshy country stretches to Arcot, where the Author passed the sabbath, and then pushed on for Madras. Here he remained three weeks, awaiting the cessation of the periodical rains, and then proceeded southward along the coast to Tranquebar. The road in many places was under water, and scarcely passable. At Pondicherry, the ocean is rapidly undermining the beach, as at Madras: 'the custom-house and warehouses have been already washed away and buried in the deep.'

At Tranquebar, the Author was much satisfied, as well as highly interested, by an interview with a Protestant native catechist, John Dewasagayam, a scholar of the late Dr. John. He has in charge thirty-one schools of various denominations, containing 1,630 children. A class under his immediate superintendence are preparing for the Christian ministry.

'In these few hours,' he says, 'I have become acquainted with that which is quite sufficient to convince me that those pious men who bestow labour and money on the maintenance of missions among the heathen, neither labour nor spend in vain. The harvest may be delayed, but it will come, and the sower shall reap the fruits of his seed.'.....'I had almost forgotten to mention, that John shewed me a letter from an English gentleman at Jaffna in Ceylon, dated in February last, and mentioning that the natives there had *of themselves* formed a Tamul Bible Association, and that there was not a single European member on the committee.'

At Tanjore, the schools of the mission are considerable, and have many others dependent on them in several parts of the territory. The present Rajah, who is one of the richest native princes in the South of India, (his income amounting to 140,000*l.*) was educated by Swartz, and is a liberal benefactor to the native Christians, who are numerous in his dominions. His eldest son, a youth of thirteen, has been brought up under the care of Mr. Kolhoff, the worthy successor of Swartz. From the bequest of that admirable Missionary and the munificence of the Rajah, the mission is rich; and they were en-

deavouring to establish a silk manufactory for the employment of the children.

‘ In the church is a grave-stone inscribed to the memory of Swartz. Some lines of bad poetry are engraved upon it, which are remarkable only as a testimony of affection, and in that they are supposed to have come actually from the pen of the present Rajah of Tanjore. The last two lines, if I remember accurately, run thus :

“ May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wishes and prays thy Serbojee !” ’

From Tanjore to Trichinopoly, a distance of thirty-seven miles, the country is an almost uninterrupted desert waste, with but one village, Serringapattah,—celebrated for the dexterity of its thieves, of which the following amusing instance is given on the authority of an English colonel.

‘ Some years ago, a detachment of the King’s artillery, intending to halt there for the night, was advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, as well as the men, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches (such they seemed to be) being able to rob the King’s artillery, but took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter-guard, with orders, rendered unnecessary by the awakened pride of the sentries themselves, to be more than usually watchful. The inhabitants, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving was set at nought, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning, the officers rising early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the serjeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them that the whole of the arms belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march away unarmed, and fully aware of the reception they would be likely to meet with from their corps, when their disaster became known. The manner in which this dexterous theft was achieved, long remained unknown, but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them, merely because their skill in thieving had been called in question; and observed in confirmation of this, that they had not taken a single article, with the exception of the arms which they now restored. Being asked how they had contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentries outside, they gave the following account: Some of them stripped themselves quite naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not be easily held; they then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about

twenty paces backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the most bold and dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was pacing towards him, and only moving on, slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the dark, invisible to the sentry. He now, with the utmost adroitness, lifted up a part of the side of the tent, having carefully removed one peg, and soon found that all the guard were asleep, relying on their double sentries. By this time the other villagers had followed their leader, and were all lying in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one who had preceded him. In this way, the arms being slowly removed, without the slightest noise, by the most advanced thief, were, with equal caution, passed along from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came, unseen and unsuspected.'

pp. 41—3.

From the summit of the fortress, there is a superb view of the surrounding country, which abounds in objects characteristic and picturesque, but symbols of the horrid superstition which prevails. The distant pagodas of Tanjore are distinctly visible, with those of Seringham and Jumbakistna on the island formed by the separation of the Cauvery into two branches, Koiladdy, the Rock of Elimiseram with its pagoda, the French, Sugarloaf, Golden, and Five Rocks, and other places distinguished in the military annals of the Peninsula. The Tritchinopoly race-course runs over the very spot where the main battle between the English and the French was fought, which terminated in the important victory gained by Major Lawrence. The Author bears his testimony to the meritorious accuracy of the description given in the interesting volumes of Orme.*

No object of remarkable interest presents itself in the route from this place to Palamcottah,—a distance, apparently, of nine days, though the Author's rate of travelling varies exceedingly. At this station, our Author breakfasted with the Missionaries Rhenius and Schmidt, with whom he had previously become acquainted at Madras.

' They have lately been making a tour through the Eastern districts of the Tinevelly country, and discovered a considerable number of self-called Christian congregations, some Catholic and some Protestant, but most of them plunged in deplorable ignorance. However, they evinced much gratitude for the visit of the Missionaries, and so eagerly accepted a few books and tracts in their native language, that Mr. Rhenius regretted he had not brought more with him. One

* See Eclectic Review. N.S. Vol. XIII. p. 112.

poor boy, in particular, after having several times in vain solicited a book, as the Missionaries were obliged to be somewhat sparing, brought them as his only means of purchase, a little paper full of sugar; and it was probably the sum of his earthly possessions, as the natives in those parts are wretchedly poor, and subsist entirely on the scanty produce of the palmyra tree. The poor boy's unusual earnestness could not, of course, go unrewarded;—he obtained the book he sought—and may God bless it to him! I accompanied Mr. Hough, in the evening, on a visit to his English school in the town of Tinevelly. It is yet in its infancy, and is most remarkable for the great opposition made by the Brahmins to its original establishment. It is now, however, in full action, and two or three of the Brahmins have sent their children to it; as the benefit of learning English is always a strong inducement; nor have they openly objected to the Holy Scriptures being made the medium of instruction, as they are here. The next morning after breakfast, I visited an English and Tamul school erected near Mr. Hough's own bungalow. These are further advanced than the one at Tinevelly; and I was much pleased with the result of a tolerably long examination of four Christian lads, on their progress in the knowledge of the Scriptures. A little before dinner, a native priest of our own communion called on Mr. Hough, and I had once more the delight of becoming acquainted with a genuine Christian among our Indian brethren. We had a long and interesting conversation, in which Mr. Hough kindly and patiently interpreted for us. He mentioned, among other things, that, some time ago, having in the course of a twelvemonth twice read over the whole New Testament with a Brahmin of Combacoonum, he declared his conviction of its truth, and that, according to it, no one may dare to worship idols: he also said, "I hope, when I die, that I shall be found with Jesus Christ." The persecution of his friends, and the so dreaded loss of caste, prevented his open reception and profession of the Gospel, and he is still, alas! a Brahmin. Mr. Hough told me that a congregation of Roman Catholics have lately quitted their priest, and come over to Tinevelly for the purpose of being admitted into the Protestant communion. The priest endeavoured to procure from the local authorities an *order* for their return to him; but it was refused, and justly so, and they were left to their own choice. They now *profess* our creed.'

The value of such converts *en masse* may be questioned, yet, one must rejoice at even their nominal emancipation from the yoke of the Man of Sin. Such circumstances as these, however, may serve to throw light on both the despondency and the malignity of a certain Romish assailant of Missions,—of whom more anon.

At Nagracoil in Travancore, the Author visited Mr. Meade, the principal Missionary at that station, and was invited to examine the senior boys in his central Tamul school, Mr. M. acting as interpreter. They evinced, it is stated, decidedly a

more thorough knowledge of Scripture than he had found in any of the schools previously visited.

‘ Such a state of improvement is highly creditable to their instructors, and has been produced, they think, by the habit of passing much time in daily questioning them as to the meaning of all they read. I asked one little boy of eleven years old, whether he ever prayed to God, independently of the form of prayer which had been taught him. He replied that he did sometimes; and when further questioned as to what he prayed for, his answer was literally thus: “My sins are numberless as the sands, and so I pray to God to take them from me by the power of his Holy Spirit.”’

The Missionaries here have the charge of twenty small churches, and other congregations in several parts of the country to the southward and eastward. The Mission is, on the whole, in a promising state.—The road from the Tinevelly districts traverses the chain of Malabar mountains near Cape Comorin. At about seven miles from Panamgoodie, it enters the kingdom of Travancore, through a gate in the wall built across the opening in the chain, by one of the Rajahs. After passing the wall, the scenery and general aspect of the country undergo a considerable change. ‘ Fine forest timber and cultivation almost universal succeed to the scanty, ragged palmyras and sterile plains of Tinevelly; and there is also a much greater shew of interior commerce, of population, and of general industry.’ Travancore itself, once the residence of the Rajahs, and Trivanderam, the present capital, where the Ranee or queen of Travancore resides, are both only small villages. Our Author proceeded, partly by land and partly by water, to Aleppie, another missionary station, important as being a place of great resort to the Arabs, who come principally in search of Teak timber. The schools here have not made much progress, owing to a report sedulously spread among the natives by the Roman Catholics of the neighbourhood, that the children, when educated, are intended to be shipped off for England; ‘ and nothing,’ says the Writer, ‘ is too absurd or improbable to be credited among these poor people, especially when it accords with their own ideas and prejudices.’ Dr. Prendergast, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Verapoly and Apostolic Vicar of the Pope, was then at Aleppie, on a pastoral visit to his flock. This worthy prelate, who is by birth an Irishman, is said to be very unpopular among them, ‘ from having preached openly and plainly against the worship of images, and for recommending those who can, to read their Bibles.’ He professed himself to our Author, a warm friend to schools for the poor. What will the

Abbè Dubois say to this? It was high time for him to abandon the Missionary service.

A very interesting account is given of our Author's visit to Cotyam, from which we can only extract a few particulars.

‘ After a five hour's sail and row, through a country very similar in appearance to that between Quilon and Aleppie, we came in sight of the several houses of the Missionaries at Cotyam, erected on some rising grounds at no great distance from each other; and soon after we discovered an ancient church on our right hand, in a romantic situation among the trees, and slightly elevated above the valley, through which flows the stream we were ascending. A little further to the left, and in the valley, was the Syrian college. I landed about half a mile from Mr. Fenn's house, and proceeded towards it on foot; but before I entered his grounds, he came himself to meet me, and gave me a Christian welcome.

‘ Feb. 20th. I accompanied Messrs. Fenn and Baker to the Syrian church at the village of Cotyam, where we found them employed in celebrating their religious rites, and preparing for a feast in commemoration of an ancient bishop from Antioch, who, after having rendered them essential service, died, and was buried here. The feast, at least, was in close imitation of better times; for it consisted of large quantities of rice and other food for all the poor who chose to come for it. On arriving at the church, the metropolitan, Mar Dionysius, received us in a small room leading into it, and serving as a habitation of one of its catanars (priests). The Metran's appearance is pleasing and dignified, and his address good: he seems to be about forty or forty-two years of age,—has a fine countenance, (evidently not of Indian origin,) expressive of mild good sense, yet, with a meek subdued look, which instantaneously bespeaks our natural sympathy and affection. After a short conversation, we went up stairs to a gallery which overlooked the interior of the church. The performance very much resembled that of the Romish superstitions; but, towards the close, I was delighted to find that they read a portion of the New Testament, from a copy printed in England, in the Malayalim, the vernacular tongue of the Syrians, and the people appeared to listen with attention. The church itself was small, more like a chapel than a church in the interior, but was completely filled. There were no images, but some wretched daubs of paintings over the altar. From the communion-table descended a few steps, on which candlesticks were placed; and on the centre of the uppermost step, stood a wooden crucifix, the foot of which was concealed by a glory, apparently of solid silver. In the body of the church, was a large silver cross, presented lately by the Metran's brother, a rich Syrian. I was much struck with the difference in colour and feature, between some of the Syrians and the generality of the natives of India. Many of the former have noble, distinguished features, such as decidedly mark a distinct race..... The Syrian clergy seem all to have a great veneration for the name of Buchanan; though, for two or three years after he left them, they quite execrated his memory, in consequence

of their hearing no news of their ancient and only complete copy of the Holy Scriptures in manuscript, which they permitted him to take away under a promise of sending them the same book in print. Until the printed scriptures arrived, they imagined he had been deceiving them; but when they had diligently compared them with the numerous fragments they still possessed, and found them minutely exact copies, their joy and veneration far exceeded the abhorrence which they had lately expressed towards their benefactor.' pp. 65—71.

The Syrian Christians, ever since the lamented departure of Colonel Munro from the country, have been subjected to the most oppressive and cruel tyranny, on the part of the native government. The Duan or Prime Minister of the Ranee of Travancore, is a Mahratta Brahmin named Vencataray, whose avarice, joined to hatred of the Christian name, is the supposed motive of this atrocious conduct. It is to be hoped, that our Author's representation of the case will have led to the adoption of spirited measures of redress in the proper quarter.

Our limits will not admit of our giving the very interesting details of the Author's subsequent visit, in company with Mr. Bailey, to the principal churches south of Cotyam. For this we must refer to the volume itself. The banks of the river Panda are described as richly covered with woods and gardens. In the woods, which abound with the cocoa-nut, the betel, the teak, the plantain, and the banian tree, numerous species of birds were noticed, of the most beautiful plumage. The Author visited the churches of Chinganore, Kaleecherry, Pootangave, Maramana, and Mavelicaree, and Munro Island,—'a piece of ground in the back-water, about eight miles N. E. of Quilon, given by the Ranee of Travancore, for the support of the Syrian College,' and so named in honour of Colonel Munro, at the Ranee's own desire. This island is represented as susceptible of almost every species of cultivation, and the scenery of the interior is beautiful. On our Author's return to Cotyam, he had the opportunity of repeated interviews with the Syrian Metropolitan, with whose deep and unaffected humility and kindness he was very favourably impressed. The venerable gentleman consented one evening to come in state, in order to afford the stranger the gratification of seeing him in his pontifical robes. He wears a mitre on these occasions, and the crozier is borne before him. On calling to take leave of him, our Author was entrusted with the commission of conveying to the Patriarch of Antioch, a copy of the printed Syriac New Testament, with a few lines on the first blank leaf, in the Metropolitan's own hand-writing.

Mr. Fenn accompanied the Author on his subsequent tour to Cochin and the northern churches. Ranniel, one of those mentioned by Dr. Buchanan, he does not appear to have visited. The general impression left on his mind respecting the Syrian Christians, he thus expresses.

‘ In short, though they are in a low state of ignorance, and shew little sense of morality and religion, they have sufficient redeeming qualities, to excite a lively interest in all who have seen and known them. I myself went among them prejudiced both against them and against what a great and good man had previously written concerning them. With Dr. Buchanan’s account of them in my hand, I went where he went, and sometimes where he went not; and I seize with pleasure this opportunity of offering the testimony of an individual, who, however obscure and unknown, has been an eye-witness to most of what has been asserted on this head, by the first friend, and now beloved benefactor of the neglected Syrians.’

In pursuing his journey to Mysore, our Author turned aside from the route at Moodikerry, in order to visit the Nilgherree mountains, of which he gives a very glowing description. The distance from the foot of the mountain to Dimhutti, ‘ the head-quarters of the new English colony,’ which occupies its summit, is an ascent very little interrupted and extremely steep, of fourteen miles. The scenery in many parts is magnificent, and the climate of the higher regions is so moist and of so moderate a temperature, that English vegetables and fruits are there cultivated with success. At Daynaud, where the country begins to descend towards the Danaigencottah pass,

‘ nothing can be more lovely than the scenery, where the deep green luxuriance of the wooded valleys, contrasted beautifully with the bold craggy masses of red rock, towering above the tops of the highest forest trees, or occasionally projecting from between them. Down the valley rushed an impetuous mountain stream, now dashing in foam against some rugged opposing rock, now precipitating itself over a succession of natural cascades, and alone interrupting with its noise the deep silence of universal nature. The woods are inhabited by innumerable wild peacocks, who frequently shewed their gay plumage on the skirts of the barley fields, wherever, in this wild scene, a more favourable spot would admit of a scanty cultivation; and the peaceful browsing of the cattle on the heath of the mountain-tops, denoted the absence of the tiger, who, though frequently seen in the jungle at the foot of Nilgherree, has been seldom known to visit the favoured scenes of its mountain-woods. In the midst of these romantic wilds, and with every feeling of delight rendered more acutely sensible by tracing up these beauties of nature to the beneficent hand which created them for the enjoyment of man, I passed my evening in

strolling round the neighbourhood of Daynaud.....The heights of Nilgherree are certainly in many respects a great natural curiosity. To find, in the eleventh degree of Latitude, a country in which, in the heat of summer, the thermometer scarcely rises higher than in England; and that country, though necessarily in a very elevated region, yet susceptible of cultivation, and actually cultivated to the highest tops of its highest peaks, is certainly no common occurrence. The country is, in a military sense, inaccessible; which will account for its having so long remained unknown even to its immediate neighbours; and the trouble of getting to it, even individually, is so great, the ascent so laborious, that I much question whether a native *great man* has been known to attempt it. This will explain also why neither Brahmins nor pagodas are to be found among them.

‘ The inhabitants are a quiet, inoffensive race, though their appearance is wild and savage. They have long, shaggy, black hair, and are clothed (it is their *only* covering) with a large piece of thick coarse cloth, which is never washed; nor is there, indeed, in the whole region of Nilgherree, a single person who follows the business of washing. They are exceedingly humble in their deportment, and their attitude on meeting an European is painfully submissive, for it too much resembles the prostration of Divine worship. But, in what regards the worship of a Supreme Being, I did not see a single place set apart for it; though on enquiry, I was told that they have certain large stones among the mountains, and some trees, which they esteem as sacred, but they have no priests or form of worship, nor is there a single idol among them. Perhaps a more promising scene for Missionary labours on a soil hitherto wild and totally neglected, could hardly be found in any part of the globe. They understand Tamul, of which their own language is a corruption; and of late years they have regularly paid a small tax, nine thousand rupees a year, (about 1000l.) to our government. The extent of the country is more considerable than I should have imagined, being computed at five hundred square miles; which is, I am still inclined to think, an exaggerated statement, though derived from the best sources of information within my reach. The number of its inhabitants is as yet unknown, and the opinions about it vary in their results from three to five thousand; but, judging of the whole from that part of the country which I traversed, it could hardly much exceed the latter number, notwithstanding its great proportionate extent. Mr. W., an intelligent young magistrate, who is sub-collector of the revenue, told me, that to the westward of Dimhutti, there are a few villages, the inhabitants of which are of gigantic stature, the least tall among them reaching generally from six feet six to six feet eight; and as Mr. W. repeated it to me seriously, and declared he had himself seen them, I can have no reason to doubt it.

.....‘ I never saw any where so many to me unknown beautiful flowers and plants. Hares, pea-fowl, and jungle fowl abound; woodcocks have been twice seen by a party of sportsman; there

are some, but I believe not many deer; and elephants and tigers are almost unknown, though they abound in the Coimbatore country at the foot of the mountains, and still more among the wilds of Paulghaut. There is good pasture for cattle and sheep, but of the latter the inhabitants have none. They have plenty of cows, and grow a great deal of barley, as well as a peculiar vegetable production, whence they extract oil. There is also a low thick shrub, growing wild almost over the whole country, which, in the interior conformation of its fruit, and also in flavour, very much resembles a small English gooseberry, though quite of an inferior sort, and with its top externally open, like a medlar. Nettles and fern, unknown in most parts of India, are to be found here in abundance. But, indeed, the great variety of trees, shrubs, and plants, some of them rare and beautiful, merit description from an abler pen than mine. The soil is so fertile, that they grow almost every where. Sometimes the trees are in clumps, as if designedly planted, sometimes forming small woods and coppices; in other parts, they are to be found over-shadowing deep ravines down which the mountain torrents plunge unseen in frequent successive cascades. The trees which grow in this last situation, are generally the finest timber, and rise to a majestic height. On the whole I would say, that were a man, fond of solitude, condemned by circumstances to finish his days in India, the abode of his choice would assuredly be reared among the wild and romantic, yet fertile mountains of Nilgherree.' pp. 121—7.

Nothing more occurred of particular interest, either in the scenery or of incident, during the remainder of the journey to Bangalore. At Mysore, however, he had the honour of being introduced to the Rajah, and what was a far more enviable distinction, of taking an airing in his magnificent elephant-carriage. The genius of Aladdin, our Author says, could scarcely have exceeded it.

'Its interior is a double sofa for six persons, covered with dark green velvet and gold, surmounted by an awning of cloth of gold, in the shape of two small scalloped domes, meeting over the centre, and surrounded with a richly ornamented verandah, supported by light, elegant, fluted gilt pillars: the whole is capable of containing *sixty* persons, and is about twenty-two feet in height. It moves on four wheels; the hinder ones eight feet in diameter, with a breadth of twelve feet between them. It is drawn by six immense elephants, (with a driver on each,) harnessed to the carriage by traces, as in England, and their huge heads covered with a sort of cap, made of richly embroidered cloth. The pace at which they moved, was a slow trot of about seven miles an hour: they were very steady, and the springs of the carriage particularly easy. As it is crane-necked, the elephants turned round with it, on coming back, with the greatest facility. The shape of the body is extremely elegant, resembling a flat scallop-shell, and painted dark green and gold. The elephants are an exact match, but, as stated, of an enormous size. The whole

was constructed by native workmen, assisted by one half-caste Frenchman, under the immediate directions of the Rajah.'

Our Author arrived at Bangalore on the 29th of March, 1821, having occupied four months in this most interesting journey. In the following August, having procured two years' leave of absence, he again set forward with the intention of returning to England by land. At Mysore, he spent great part of the day with 'the well known Jesuit,' the Abbè Dubois,—a tall man, with a long silver beard, habited like a Brahmin. At that time, the Abbè does not appear to have contemplated relinquishing his station, for he expressed his hope, that, since he still continued to labour against hope, his services would be regarded by the Almighty as so much the more meritorious; and he, moreover, intimated his intention, if it were God's will, to leave his bones in that place. He said to his visitor: 'How can the Protestants hope to convert the heathen to their simple forms of worship, when the pomp and splendid ceremonies of the Roman Catholic persuasion, *so like their own worship*, have completely failed?' From Mysore, our Author proceeded to the mountain capital of the Rajah of Coorga, having despatches for his highness, whose mean and assassin-like countenance brought strongly to his mind 'the old man of 'the mountain' so celebrated in the days of the Crusades. His country is so difficult of access, that the Honourable Company have thought it best to let him remain a perfectly independent sovereign in the heart of the British possessions, with the exception of a merely nominal annual tribute of one elephant. Our Author embarked at Tellicherry for Bombay, where he remained a fortnight, and then availed himself of a cruizer bound for Mocha and Cosseir. From the latter port, he crossed the Desert to Carnac, visited the tombs and the temples in the vicinity of Thebes, and thence descended the Nile to Cairo and Damietta, where he embarked for Tyre, in order to fulfil a long-cherished wish to visit Jerusalem. The narrative of his pilgrimage to the Holy City is, however, the least interesting portion of the work. He only tells us, for the thousandth time, all that has been retailed to us on the authority of lying legends, respecting the holy places. Nothing can be more unaffectedly devout and truly pious than the sentiments which the Author expresses; and it would almost have been cruel to destroy, at the time, the happy illusion which excited his emotions at the sight of the sacred places. On some occasions, indeed, his native good-sense resented the palpable imposition; but, 'however justly and reasonably,' he says, 'we may doubt the truth of many of those traditions, it is not

'while on the spot, that I would seek to arraign it, provided there be nothing in the tradition itself contrary to what is contained in the Scripture.' Yet, if the tradition should not happen to contradict Scripture, but only to outrage common sense, we should imagine the reason for doubt scarcely less cogent. Our Author was startled at being shewn the building where our Lord is said to have gone to school; but the table on which he used to dine with his disciples, Joseph's workshop, &c., not being contrary to the Scripture, must, on this rule, be admitted to be genuine. The fact is, and we speak it advisedly, that not one single legend relating to any one sacred place in the Holy Land, has the slightest claim to even probability; and a Christian traveller, who would wish to enjoy the genuine interest of the scene, ought resolutely to shut his ears to every thing that is told him by the monks. Nothing has tended so much to perplex the topography of Palestine, and to obliterate the few faint traces of ancient times, as these spurious traditions. Calvary, most certainly, and Joseph's sepulchre, could not have been near the spot now consecrated by superstition; and as little pretensions has the grotto of the nativity to the honour conferred upon it. Had our Author looked into the volumes of Dr. Richardson or Dr. Clarke, he would have seen that 'what is contained in the Scripture,' is at variance with the tradition by which he was beguiled in both instances. 'Mountains and rivers,' as he justly remarks, 'still continue to exist;' and with these the traveller must content himself. The site of ancient Jerusalem is clearly marked by its natural boundaries on the three sides where there are ravines; Mount Zion and Mount Olivet retain their ancient names; the sea of Galilee still washes the plain of Gennesareth, and the Jordan yet rolls its impetuous torrent, when swoln by the early or the latter rains, into the bituminous lake. These grand natural features of the country remain unchanged, and as they alone can be identified, so they present objects of a far more rational interest, and much more worthy of a pilgrimage, than grottoes, and marble slabs, and troughs, and all the trumpery of the sacred places.

There is one point on which we should have been glad if the Author had been more explicit. He tells us that the ruins of Capernaum are on the right bank (we presume the west bank is meant) of the Lake of Gennesareth, near the entrance of the Jordan, and that the place is pronounced by the natives Kaper-naoum. He does not say that he visited those ruins, nor is it quite clear that the name in question was applied to them by the Arabs. We imagine that he refers to the ruined site called by Burckhardt Tel Hoom, and by Mr. Buckingham

Tal-hewn, which they *suppose* to be Capernaum, although it is *not* called so by the natives. It is somewhat vexatious that no traveller should have ascertained the real site of Capernaum on the authority of the Arab natives. Dr. Richardson was told, that Cavernahum and Chorosi were not far distant from the route he took to Damascus, but he had no time to visit them. We confess that, but for this statement, we should have some doubts whether the ruins of Capernaum exist, since the site in which we should be led to look for them, would be the rich plain between Khan Mennye and El Medjdel, the ancient Gennesareth, where no trace of an ancient town has been hitherto detected.

'It is surprising,' our Author says, 'to hear the universal desire expressed by all classes of people in this country, that an European Christian power should be induced to come and take possession of it.' And, borne away by his military enthusiasm, he proceeds, with much naiveté, to give a 'loose sketch' of the operations for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, which he thinks, could we but establish a right to those countries, would easily make them ours. Ten thousand British troops would suffice to conquer Egypt, and four thousand more, 'with the *indubitable* assistance of the native inhabitants,' would as easily take possession of all Syria, including Damascus and Aleppo. As to right, nothing is more easily established. Our right to Syria is at least as plain as our right to India; the Turks, moreover, are intruders, and, as Lord Erskine said in respect to Greece, should be served with a notice to quit. We might take possession of Palestine in the name of the Jews, and appoint a Lord High Commissioner of a new Judean republic, as in the Ionian Isles. We think it probable that the Turks would sell the whole province, if the Franks were to bid high enough for it,—provided the mosque of Omar were secured to them. Then, as to Mahommed Ali, he might be bribed, subsidized, or otherwise disposed of, according to circumstances, as the Company manages matters with the Rajahs. We like the project exceedingly; but one difficulty lies in the way—it will be necessary to obtain the previous consent of the Holy Alliance!

Lady Hester Stanhope is repeatedly referred to in this volume, not, indeed, by name, but so that no reader can mistake the person alluded to, in terms which, we presume, the Author would not have used unadvisedly; yet, the charge of derangement is so serious, that we should have hesitated to give publicity to such an opinion on the strength of the most authentic anecdotes. The present volume appears anonymously, but the Author's name is no secret; and Major Mackworth has done

himself too much honour by at least the first part of these Travels, to have reason for shrinking from the avowal.

Art. VI. *Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar without Points*. By James Andrew, L.L.D. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. xvi. 200. Price 9s. London. 1823.

WE had always supposed that the circulation of his work was the first object of an Author's solicitude; and that the instruction it might contain was prepared for the use of all persons who might need it. Such we should imagine to be the design of the Author of this Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar, though he has limited his wishes for its acceptance and success to those who deserve, desire, or hope for any good from it. So many pages of an elementary work must necessarily include some particulars of information which may meet the wants of the uninitiated in Hebrew learning; we are therefore prepared to admit its utility. The *utile*, however, is but half the business of an Author who would be in favour with the public; and, happily, the work before us is as entertaining as it is instructive, so that we may describe it as having in its composition a fair proportion of the *dulce*. For example, in the first page of the preface, Dr. Andrew informs us, that the name of Noah's 'youngest son *Canaan* signifies 'Merchant, one who sells things by auction, as now-a-days the English East India Company do, and *Canaan* in Latin 'is properly rendered *Mercurius*.' We were not aware that sales by auction were of so very early a date, or that the selling of things by auction is the proper description of a Merchant; nay, though the confession may not be creditable to our learning, we are obliged to acknowledge, that if we had been required to supply a proper rendering in Latin for 'one who sells things by auction,' our sagacity would not have directed us to *Mercurius*. Again, Dr. Andrew very truly remarks, in the conclusion of his preface, that no judicious or sensible man would for a moment give credence to the enigmatical or prophetic properties which some wretched Jewish sophists, called *Cabalists*, have attributed to certain combinations of Hebrew letters and sounds. Single letters are happily not included in this proscription of the cabalistical riddles, and are, therefore, it would seem, proper objects of philosophical investigation. Of the learned Doctor's penetration into the arcana of Hebrew letters, and of the brilliant discoveries which have rewarded his laborious researches, we may insert the following curious and erudite

specimens. The letter ב Beth, whence *tube* in English, signifies *hollow* or a *house*, either of which its figure may rudely represent.—א denotes existence or life, and the free opening or ventilation through it, may betoken passing events.—The shape of the latter ו bears a manifest relation to the idea expressed by the word וָלָ, wrapped or covered up, or as a rough wall is covered inside with *laths and plaster*.—The name of the letter וין may be supposed to be original. It signifies either the *eye*, or a *spring*, or *fountain* of water. The shape of ו bears a strong resemblance to the socket of the eye, with the optic nerve attached to it: and it is also not unlike to a *well* or *spring*.—The figure of ז naturally represents the cup and stem of a flower, especially when it is blown or fully spread forth.—The Hebrew נָחַ a *river*, especially if there were falls in any of the streams that flowed through Paradise, will exactly suit the image or idea conveyed by the peculiar character of נ.

From these specimens of Dr. Andrew's subtilty and felicitous genius, we proceed to notice some other particulars which lie on the surface of his book.

When the building of the Tower of Babel was commenced, 200 years after the Deluge, the whole number of married inhabitants of the earth, according to the learned Author, could not exceed seventy or eighty couples. Of the design of the builders in erecting that edifice, he has given the following account:

'The Descendants of Ham and Japheth, before they quitted Asia, agreed amongst themselves to pay some marked tribute of respect to Shem on the plains of *Shinar*, and to build a Tower, and call it after his name, that it might serve as a memorial to their posterity of the consanguinity of the whole human race, and that Asia was their cradle, and that when disputes and difficult contentions should arise among future generations, they might resort thither to have their differences settled, and their rights ascertained.'

A design which every judicious and sensible man must approve as a wise and salutary measure, though, as a probable and practicable expedient, he may hesitate to give it so much credence as would be necessary to the support of Dr. A.'s hypothesis. If it be less credible, however, than some other theories, it is more pleasing, and, like many other articles in this Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar, is very ingenious. The logic of the book is not less conspicuous than the philosophy of it, nor is it of inferior quality. From the facts, that the medium of our devotion, whether it be audible or silent, does not affect the acceptance of our thanksgivings and our prayers to the Almighty, and that our benevolence may

be as useful when conferred upon an object whose speech we do not understand, as when bestowed upon a suppliant who speaks intelligibly to us, the Author justly infers, that neither the knowledge of Hebrew, nor of Greek, nor of any other language can, of itself, make us Christians, nor yet better Christians. (Preface, p. xiii.) The Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, Dr. Andrew thinks, was made about A. D. 130; and, in support of this opinion, he asks, Is it likely that Aquila, Symmachus, Theodotion, Origen, and others of their age, would have troubled themselves, as they did, without necessity or authority, about a new translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, had an authorised and a publicly received Greek Version been already in common circulation? This mode of arguing is much the same as if a writer were to allege that there existed no English version of the Hebrew Scriptures in common circulation before 1790, because Dr. Geddes, Dr. Boothroyd, and Mr. Bellamy had, since that time, undertaken new translations of the Bible. *Origen* was not a translator of the Bible; he was only the editor and reviser of translations already in existence. Again: we are told, (p. 173,) that among the Israelites, every seventh year was *sabbatical*, or a year of *rest and restitution*, when all alienated real property returned fully, freely, and gratuitously, to the original owners or inheritors, all debts and securities were cancelled, and all bondage or personal service was put an end to. Here the worthy Hebraist blunders: these releases and immunities were enjoined by the law of the Jubilee every *fiftieth* year. Once more: Adam gave names to all the beasts of the earth and the fowls of heaven; and, as the learned Author is of opinion that few Naturalists now-a-days would undertake to begin and finish so serious a task as the making of a complete system of Zoology, in less than fifteen or twenty years without assistance, he concludes that Adam lived a solitary life as a naturalist or philosopher without any companion, for fifteen years and a half, and that Eve was then formed about the autumnal equinox!!

In the Dictionary, we find some definitions of words not a little curious. *אֲרֻמִּים*, which occurs Isa. xiii. 21, is rendered by the translators of the public version '*doleful creatures*,' probably in the sense of '*howling monsters*,' which is Bishop Lowth's rendering.—Dr. Andrew gives us '*doleful creatures*;' *friars, fraternities, convents*. *אֲרֻמִּים* is explained, *vultures, kites; jackalls, wild cats; beggarly monastic orders, lodging on rocks and precipices*. *אֲרֻמִּים*, A crowned spreader-abroad of gifted men; that is, Antichrist, the false prophet, who has filled the world with false teachers: called *greyhound, armed warrior*, Prov. xxx. 31.

To the Dictionary, which comprises 100 pages, and which precedes the Grammar, is appended a series of amended Translations from the Hebrew, of certain passages of the authorised English Bible. We leave our readers to make out the meaning and to appreciate the value of such renderings as the following:—‘That I may remember the everlasting covenant,’ Gen. ix. 16.; ‘*To remember the world’s testament.*’—For a sweet ‘savour before the LORD.’ Exod. xxix. 25; ‘*For a display of leading to the appearance of Jehovah.*’ Exod. xxxii. 25. ‘*That there was an opposition; for Aaron had an opposition that strove with them, who rose up against them.*’—‘And that will by no means clear the guilty,’ Exod. xxxiv. 7.; ‘*And the innocent shall not be exempted: plainly meaning Jesus Christ.*’—‘And will hiss unto them from the end of the earth; and behold they shall come with speed swiftly.’ Isa. V. 26, ‘*And his planting after the end of the earth: even here quickly, in a little time, he will come.*’

In the Grammar, (p. 108,) the reader is told, that *five* of the consonants of the Hebrew Alphabet have their tails straightened, or else turned the contrary way, when they end a word: in the Alphabet on the preceding page, he will find but *four*, which is the entire complement, we believe, of *tailed* letters. The form Niphal is described, (p. 132.) as prefixing *ו* to Kal throughout, which is incorrect. In the Syntax, Rule 3, (p. 154,) that a verb or adjective following two nouns in apposition, may agree in gender and number with the noun governed, rather than with the noun governing, is represented as original; a note being added, purporting that ‘the want of this rule has long been felt by grammarians.’ If the Author had only looked into Israel Lyons’s Hebrew Grammar, No. 192, he would have been admonished that he was offering no novelty to the world, in publishing the rule in question.

Dr. Andrew’s Hebrew Grammar may supply the wants of a learner, but it cannot be praised as a vehicle of clear and well arranged instruction. The Dictionary is a collection of definitions which will afford him but little information or assistance; while it is altogether wanting in perspicuous and orderly arrangement. The chronological discussions with which the volume is enlarged, are ill adapted to the purpose of an elementary work. Altogether, the Author’s learning appears to exceed his discretion.

Art. VII. *The New Guide to Prayer, or Complete Order of Family Devotion*, containing nearly one hundred and twenty Prayers, arranged on a Plan entirely new: each Prayer accompanied with appropriate Reflections on a Passage of Scripture selected for every Day in the Week, during a Period of Two Months. By the Rev. James Hinton, M.A. 8vo. pp. 564. Price 9s. London. 1824.

IF it is not impracticable, it is surely very important, that family worship should be made both a reasonable and an interesting service to all the members of the household. The mere keeping up of the observance has its use, but it would be better if the service could uniformly be accommodated to the capacities and feelings of those whose benefit, we cannot but think, ought mainly to be consulted,—our children and servants. Extemporaneous prayer is certainly by far the most advantageous mode of conducting the devotions of the family; and we should be sorry to countenance the substitution of a form in any but a case of very obvious expediency. But the mere reading of a portion of Scripture and the putting up of a prayer, are not all that are included in the idea of a family service that shall adequately answer its moral purpose. It is highly desirable that the reading and the devotional part of the service should bear upon each other; that the one should furnish materials for the other; and that children should thus be taught the use that what they hear, ought to be turned to. The difference between a formulary and an unvaried routine of customary expressions, is so slight as regards the effect, that the advantage of the extemporaneous method is almost lost, when no pains are taken to secure a proper variety. And there is scarcely less danger that he who prays should come to do it mechanically, than that they who listen should listen mechanically, where no effort is made to engage their minds, and interest their feelings in the service.

We have been much pleased with the volume before us, not so much as a book of prayers, though in that point of view it will be highly acceptable, as on account of its claims to the title of a guide to prayer. The most important feature of the work, in the opinion of the Editor, is adverted to in the following terms.

‘ It consists in the adaptation of some part (and frequently several parts, amounting in the whole to a considerable portion) of each prayer, to the chapter and reflections to which it is subjoined. One obvious design of this plan is, to excite a greater degree of interest in the minds of the worshippers. It should, however, be particularly noticed, that these prayers may be read after any other portion

of Scripture with as much propriety as those in similar works, with the exception of a paragraph in one or two instances, which are particularly pointed out in the places where they occur. But the chief design of the Writer is, to teach persons how to adapt the thoughts and expressions of Scripture to their own particular use, and how to turn the language of Scripture into the language of prayer and praise, adoration and confession. Those (persons) will most readily obtain that justness and fluency of expression which are so desirable in the leaders of devotional services, whether in the family or in public; and at the same time will be the most likely to imbibe a larger portion of that genuine spirit of devotion, without which the greatest extempore freedom must be unacceptable to God; who study with the closest attention those excellent examples which are recorded in the book of Inspiration, and make them their only acknowledged standard, model, and directory. The Writer has therefore bent his attention in a particular manner to this feature of the work, and only laments that he has not been able to realize his own idea of what ought to have been done.

In pursuance of the same object, prefixed to every prayer, are short Reflections on some passage of Scripture suitable to be read in the family, selected chiefly from Scott, Doddridge, and Henry; and a hymn is referred to, adapted to some part of the chapter, taken from Dr. Watts. This is an admirable plan: of the general merit of the execution, our readers will best judge from a specimen. They will observe that every paragraph is numbered and headed, in order that the topic may be seen at a glance, and that the reader may know what to omit, if the prayer is too long.

‘ WEDNESDAY EVENING.

‘ JOB CH. XXXIV. 1—23. and CH. XXXV.

‘ REFLECTIONS.

‘ The Judge of all the earth cannot but do what is right, though we are often incapable of discovering the reasons of his conduct: but as we have all multiplied our transgressions against him, and as he cannot receive any thing from us which he hath not first given unto us, we can have no cause to complain of hard measures when afflicted. And as our Judge is now as a Saviour, on a mercy-seat, we can have no reason to conclude, that it would be in vain for us to repent, to seek forgiveness, and to cleanse ourselves from our iniquities. When, therefore, impatience, pride, and unbelief, suggest such conclusions, we associate ourselves, for the time, with the workers of iniquity, and expose ourselves to just reproof.

‘ How few of the afflicted, who groan under their miseries, inquire after God, and trust in his name! The most, even of the wretched, disregard their obligations and accountableness to him, and refuse to repent and humble themselves for their sins, and seek forgiveness and comfort from him. If pious persons are betrayed into any degree of

a similar spirit, and delay to humble themselves under the afflicting hand of God, or to seek all their help and comfort from him; they may expect that their trials will be continued, till they are reduced to a better temper. Let us not then, under affliction, prolong our own misery by keeping at a distance from a throne of grace, standing out in our own vindication, expecting help from other quarters, or despairing of help from God; but let us call upon him in our troubles, and he will hear us, and we shall praise him. SCOTT.

‘PSALMS 51, 131. HYMNS 87, BOOK I. 150, BOOK II.

‘PRAYER.

‘1. [*Adoration and Confession.*] Great and holy God, how shall we come before thee! Thou art the Lord God Omnipotent: we are but dust and ashes. Thou art from everlasting to everlasting: we are of yesterday and know nothing. Our meanness alone ought to fill us with humility in thy presence. But, O gracious God, there is a still more affecting reason for our thus approaching thee; thou hast nourished and brought us up as children, and we have rebelled against thee. We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep, and there is no health in us. Lord, thou knowest our foolishness, and our sins are not hidden from thee. Thine eyes have been upon all our ways and all our thoughts. No darkness, nor shadow of death, could hide our iniquities from thee. Thou didst make us wiser than the beasts of the field, yet we have degraded ourselves below them: for the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; yet we have not known thy judgments, we have not considered thy mercies.

‘2. [*Sin is without Excuse.*] O thou holy and heart-searching God, suffer us not to listen to those deceitful reasonings, which would make us think lightly of our sins. What plea can we offer for pride, for impurity, or for anger? What shall we say in excuse for having loved this vain world so much, and thee so little? We stand chargeable with these, and many other offences: and, O God, preserve us from thinking lightly of their evil. Truly we have no righteousness of our own, or that which we think we have is unclean and hateful in thy sight. Verily we are miserable offenders against thy holy majesty. O that we had delighted ourselves in thee! Then had we walked in the right path. But now thou art clear when thou judgest, and justified when thou condemnest. Thou art the judge of all the earth, and thou wilt not do unjustly. Shouldst thou condemn us for ever, thou wouldst not lay upon us more than is right.

‘3. [*Supplication for Pardon.*] But blessed be thy name, that thou art not now our Judge on thy throne, but our Saviour on thy mercy seat. We repent, O Lord, and seek thy divine forgiveness. We fall into thy gracious hands, acknowledging our sins with true contrition of heart, and beseeching thee to shew mercy to us, on thine own terms. Instead of objecting to the way in which it pleaseth thee to pardon the guilty, we gladly and thankfully apply for that forgiveness which, for Christ's sake, thou art willing to grant unto every penitent sinner. O Lord God, here is our only hope. Con-

scious of many transgressions, and fearful that unobserved offences have been committed, we flee to the cross of Jesus, and there, with deep self-abasement, and an eye directed to him who bore our sins, we offer up these petitions.

' 4. [*Prayer under any light Family Affliction.*] We especially beseech thee, O Lord, to humble our minds under our present affliction. Though it is not heavy, yet teach us to remember it might easily be increased; and we deserve that it should. Enable us to bow beneath thy fatherly correction, for thou dost all things right. We will not excuse our sins, which deserve yet severer punishment, but humbly implore thy heavenly pardon through our Lord Jesus Christ. We repent and humble ourselves under thine afflicting hand, whilst yet it is laid but gently upon us. Remove our trials when thou seest fit; and, till then, grant us patient submission to thy will, and cheerful confidence in thy love.

' 5. [*Prayer for Humility.*] And we pray, that not only when we are kneeling before thee, but at all times, we may be preserved from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. May a just view of ourselves be continually present to our minds; that in all our conduct towards thee, O God, we may act like penitent sinners: and that in all our transactions with men, we may behave with lowliness and meekness; as becometh those who stand in continual need of forgiveness. And let no gifts, or talents, which thou hast bestowed upon us, make us forget what we are in thy sight. Lord, when we recollect the use we have made of them, we have reason to be filled with shame, instead of being proud on the account of them. How little have they been employed to thy glory! What unprofitable servants are we, with all the gifts thou hast conferred on us! And now, O Lord, grant unto us the spirit to think, as well as to do, always such things as are right; for we know, by experience, that we may be lifted up with pride, even though convinced that we ought to be filled with shame. Do thou then give unto us an humble mind. Preserve us from all confidence in ourselves. Let us never forget, that in the Lord alone have we either righteousness or strength.

' 6. [*Evening Petitions and Intercessions.*] O Lord, we commit our bodies and souls to thy care, as weak and unworthy creatures, unable to defend ourselves, and undeserving of thy protection. Accept our thanks for the mercies we have received; and bring us, we humbly beseech thee, in safety to the beginning of another day, with a renewed sense of what we owe to thy providence and grace. Command thy blessing graciously to rest on our relatives and neighbours, our friends and enemies. Bless thy ministers, and favour thy people. Succour the distressed, whether in mind or body, and let all flesh see thy glory.

' Our Father, &c.

We shall not offer any criticism on these prayers; their general character is comprehensive, scriptural, and devotional. The chief defect is one which they have in common with al-

most every work of the kind,—a want of more entire simplicity and *naturalness*. We highly approve of the use made of the prayers of the Liturgy, which are for the most part (there are exceptions) models of devotional composition. A very free use appears to have been made of Bean's Prayers, unless both writers have drawn from a common source. This required to be explained. We cannot say that the work is altogether free from slight improprieties, or rather inappropriatenesses of expression, but they are neither numerous nor glaring, and every facility is afforded for omitting what may appear unsuitable. In place of further animadversions on the volume, which we think adapted to be very generally useful and acceptable, we shall take the liberty to throw out a few general suggestions, applicable alike to written forms and extemporaneous devotion.

It is not, we think, so distinctly borne in mind as it ought to be, that social prayer is not the act of one for many, but ought to be the joint act of many with one. It may be common prayer with or without a book, but this it ought to be. It is a good rule for ministers to follow, to pray *with* the people in the pulpit, *for* their people in their closet, *at* them no where; and the same rule will apply to masters of families. It may be very proper to offer specific intercessions on behalf of the various members of a household, but the general character of the prayer ought to be such as that all present should feel themselves not the audience, but the petitioners.

Nothing tends more to give a wrong idea of the design and nature of prayer, than that expatiation on doctrine,—that didactic method of rehearsing texts or articles of belief, which we have heard indulged in, as if the object of the speaker was to insinuate a sermon under the disguise of a prayer. We are quite persuaded that devotional services are not at all a proper vehicle for information of any kind. Long descriptions, whether of character, or of feeling, or of matters of belief, are quite unsuitable. And so are long sentences of any kind, and long paragraphs. But the worst of all styles is, that which perpetually injects parentheses, to qualify or to explain the unfinished sentence. This impropriety is, of course, almost peculiar to extemporaneous effusions: if transferred to the written page, it would be too palpable.

Written prayers are always with great propriety divided into paragraphs; it is to be wished that those who conduct the extemporaneous service, would observe the same marked division, which is not less necessary in speaking than in writing. A long prayer of one paragraph is as tedious to the ear as to the eye. There should be a pause in the sense as well in the voice; and the language of appropriate invocation should, as

in the church service, be more generally interposed at every change of the subject.

Metaphors, except of the most familiar kind, and even the figurative language of Scripture, when the allusion is obscure or not easily recognised, ought to be carefully abstained from. A minister ought not, at least in prayer, to disdain being understood by men of the plainest understanding. Such expressions as 'Give them the valley of Achor for a door of hope'—'May he reign *from the river* to the end of the earth'—'rush on the thick bosses of thy buckler'—'count thy love better than wine'—and others which might be particularized, are wholly improper, because forced, unnatural, and, to a large proportion of the audience, unintelligible. We never find the apostles praying in this style; and it is an abuse of the word, to term it scriptural, merely because such phrases occur in Scripture. There are figures in the Old Testament which no one would venture to employ, and some which no one understands; but the use of figurative language which we are adverting to, is properly technical. We cannot conceive of a pious man adopting such a mode of expression in the unreserved effusions of his closet; yet it is even less suitable to the public service. A person not accustomed to the current phrases and figures of the particular school of theology, is apt to be utterly perplexed by this artificial language, which is, for the same reason, the most unaffecting.

Broad assertions are seldom proper in public devotion; we do not of course mean either confessions or thanksgivings, which are a species of assertion, but those which affirm respecting the state, character, or feelings of the worshippers, more than is likely to be true of even the majority. The language of supplication all may join in; that of declaration is scarcely to be called prayer, and yet, it is often copiously, and, we think, injudiciously employed.

The exclusive study of living models is disadvantageous to those who would cultivate a simple, chaste, and affecting devotional style. All that is aimed at, very usually, is facility and copiousness. Conciseness, purity, and selection are by far the more important requisites. A florid style is very inappropriate; yet, it sometimes passes for a gift. After all, though divines distinguish between the gift and the grace of prayer, (and assuredly a devotional spirit may warm the heart of one who has but indifferent powers of utterance,) yet, we incline to believe, that what is termed the exercise of the gift, is much more closely allied to the exercise of the grace, than is sometimes suspected. The heart, when properly influenced, is the best directory, and that alone can teach us how to pray.

Art. VIII. *The Rural Walks of Cowper*; displayed in a Series of Views near Olney, Bucks: representing the Scenery exemplified in the Poems; with descriptive Sketches and a Memoir of the Poet's Life. F-cap 8vo. 15 Engravings. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1822.

OUR attention has been drawn to this elegant little volume by the notice bestowed upon it in Dr. Johnson's Preface to the Private Correspondence of Cowper, and we have his voucher for the fidelity of the delineations. Most of the subjects were engraved many years ago, for a work entitled *Cowper Illustrated*, which is now out of print. The present series of engravings are from new designs, with the addition of two new plates, Yardley Oak and the Vicarage, besides a fac-simile of the Poet's hand-writing. The memoir adds little value to the publication: it is of course slight and general, and, as it adheres closely to Hayley, gives an erroneous view of the whole circumstances of Cowper's history.

On looking over these views, one is amused to find the illusion which the Poet has succeeded in creating. The materials which he had to work upon, were of the least promising description, as regarded their susceptibility of either poetic or picturesque effect. Olney itself, standing in the midst of a low, flat, marshy tract, is as dull a town as any in England. Weston is pretty in comparison; but the park itself, so gratefully celebrated, has very slender pretensions to a picturesque or ornamental character. Though the Engraver has made the best of them, yet are they but common scenes, such as present themselves almost every where. But has the Poet passed any deception upon us? Far from it. It was he who saw the landscape and every object in their true light; and he has taught us how to look at Nature, and to love her, in her homeliest dress. 'I wish,' he says in one of his Letters, 'that I could see some of the mountains which you have seen; especially, because Dr. Johnson has pronounced that no man is qualified to be a poet, who has never seen a mountain. But mountains I shall never see, unless, perhaps, in a dream, or unless there are such in heaven.' The genuine love of nature, however, displays itself more unequivocally in an attachment to quiet, unobtrusive home scenes, which leave the mind at liberty to occupy itself with all the details of the landscape, and to make acquaintance with the minuter beauties which lie hidden from a common observer. Such scenes, too, minister far more to cheerfulness, than the grand and the magnificent. Cowper, describing his visit to Earham, says: 'The cultivated appearance of Weston suits my frame of mind far better

' than wild hills that aspire to be mountains, covered with vast; unfrequented woods, and here and there affording a peep between their summits at the distant ocean. Though delightful in the extreme to those who had spirits to bear it, it was ' too gloomy for me.' There may be persons who have been ready to wonder that a poet could exist, and give forth poetry, on the banks of the Ouse; but this may serve to convince them that they are not in Nature's secret. Bees know, what butterflies do not know, that it is not the gayest flowers that hold the honey.

Sacrilegious hands have been busy at Weston, so that these views alone present the scenes alluded to, as they appeared in the Poet's time. The Lodge is tenanted by one who knows not William Cowper, nor cares for him, regarding him as a heretic with all the unsocial bigotry of his Church.

Art. IX. *Batavian Anthology*; or Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks on the Poetical Literature of the Netherlands to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By John Bowring, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, and Harry S. Van Dyk. f. cap 8vo. pp. 242. Price 7s. 6d. London, 1824.

WE owe to the Dutch the discovery of the arts of printing and oil-painting; we owe to them the pendulum and the microscope; we owe to them much fine fish and much sound divinity; we are indebted to them for one of the very best of our kings; but assuredly, the last thing for which we should have expected to be indebted to the land of tulips, is poetry. It has produced painters, but the Flemish school, though high in art, is poor in fancy: its beauties are travesties of Venus, and its subjects often burlesques upon nature. It can boast of learned men, but they were ashamed of their own language, and hid their names in a more classic dialect, so that we hardly recognise Erasmus and Grotius as Dutchmen. It has produced patriots; and in Holland, the flame of liberty, civil and religious, was kept alive, when in this country it smouldered only in the ashes of the Puritans. But we invest those heroic republicans with a sort of severe virtue, which would not admit of an alliance with the graceful embellishments of life. Yet this is an idle prejudice. What was Milton? What was Akenside? Both presbyterians and stern republicans. Then we might have looked for poets in Holland; but who thinks of learning Dutch, except a merchant or translator of languages? Mr. Bowring, however, tells us, that the language of Holland is the purest of all the Gothic dialects, that it is one of the in-

teresting branches growing from the great Teutonic stock, and preserving far more of the original character than the rest of the same family. This must give it attraction in the eyes of a philologist; but what recommends a language to scholars or readers in general, is its literature; and it was not known that Holland, though she had her learned Latinists, possessed any native literature. There has been, as the Translator remarks, 'a real ignorance of the existence of any thing that could put in its claim to the name of Belgian poetry.' But as little did English literati, in the pride of their native resources, dream of a Russian Anthology. It is but within comparatively a recent date, that we have concerned ourselves about the poets of Germany. And to speak the truth, it seems as if degrees of affinity in language, as sometimes in relationship, operated with a repulsive power in an inverse proportion; for there has been shewn very little disposition to cultivate the acquaintance of the Gothic or Teutonic cognates of our aboriginal tongue. Instead of this, as if the language itself was bent on its own aggrandisement, and seeking to lose the remembrance of its origin in splendid alliances, it has of late admitted scarcely any thing but Greek into its vocabulary, while our Travellers are daily importing Orientalisms of the most venerable date, still further to enrich the most copious and heterogeneous of conventional mediums. But we are very glad to find that Batavia has an anthology, and we are very happy, too, to be able to form some judgement of the productions of Belgian poets, without, at our time of life, being reduced to the painful expedient of learning Dutch. We are not *such* British critics as to look with pedantic scorn on the attempt to graft a new variety upon our literature; and without offering any equivocal compliments to the 'long-suffering Translators,' whose pleasure in the task has, we doubt not, amply compensated their labour, we frankly tender them our sincere thanks for a very elegant and very interesting volume, which deserves all the room it will occupy in the poetical library. This premised, we shall immediately proceed to give a few specimens.

The following lines are taken from a writer of the sixteenth century,—Anna Byns. 'She was inimical to the Reformation, and directed her talents principally against its progress.'

' See'st thou the sun and moon's transparent beam,
The fair stars thickly sprinkled o'er the sky?
They're rays which from th' Eternal's fountain stream.
Then turn thy contemplative gaze on high,
Praise the pure light whence these their light obtain,
Whose heavenly power is in the sun-rays seen.
It wakes from earth's dark tomb the buried grain,
And decks with flowers the hills and valleys green,

So that no painter could convey, I ween,
 Such magic colour and variety.
 Then, reasoning beings, if ye would not err,
 Make nature nature's God's interpreter.
 Though nought, however fair, by land or sea,
 With the Creator's beauty can be rated,
 Yet think, while gazing on their brilliancy,
 How wondrous He who all those works created.'

On account of the very high eulogy pronounced upon the virtues, talents, and attainments of Jacob Cats (*aliter Jacobus Catsius*), a poet born towards the close of the sixteenth century, we insert the following *jeu d'esprit*.

' We read in books of ancient lore,
 An image stood in days of yore,
 Which, when the sun with splendour dight
 Cast on its lips his golden light,
 Those lips gave back a silver sound,
 Which fill'd for hours the waste around :
 But when again the living blaze
 Withdrew its music-waking rays,
 Or passing clouds its splendour veil'd,
 Or evening shades its face conceal'd,
 This image stood all silent there,
 Nor lent one whisper to the air.
 This was of old—And even now,
 The man who lives in fortune's glow,
 Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge
 In town and country, court and college ;
 And all assert *nem. con.* whatever
 Comes from his mouth is vastly clever :
 But when the glowing sun retires,
 His reign is o'er, and dimm'd his fires ;
 And all his praise like vapour flies,—
 For who e'er calls a poor man wise ?' pp. 77, 8.

We regret that no specimen is given of this Writer's sublime or devotional poetry : the specimens do not correspond to the biographical preface, and would give no idea of the character attributed to Cats. We have been much more interested by the compositions of Gerbrand Brederode. He was principally celebrated for his comedies and his songs. The sentiment of the first stanza of the following delightful little poem, may be thought in character with the pagan cast of the expression ; but this will not excuse its impiety : it is, however, less offensive than several passages of the kind in Anacreon Moore.

' If all were mine that Jove divine
 Or other gods could proffer,
 Of pomp or show, or dazzling glow,
 I would not take their offer,

If I must thee surrender,
 In payment for their splendour.
 No! I would seek the gods, and say,
 'Tis dearer far on earth to stray,
 With heart and soul by anguish riven,
 And bow'd by poverty and care,
 Than seek at once your promised heaven,
 And dwell without my loved-one there.

' Should they display unbounded sway
 O'er all these kingly regions,
 And give to me dominion free
 O'er lands and mighty legions;
 My heart the gift would treasure,
 To rule them all at pleasure,
 Not for riches, nor for land,
 Not for station, nor command,
 Nor for sceptres, crowns, nor power,
 Nor for all the world is worth,—
 But that I on thee might shower
 Every gift from heaven or earth.

' I would decree that all should be
 Observant to revere thee,
 With bended knee, submissively,
 Though princes—kings—stood near thee.
 Courts should their glories lend thee,
 And empresses attend thee,
 And queens upon thy steps should wait,
 And pay their tribute to thy state
 In low and humble duty;
 And place thee on a royal seat,
 Deck'd, as well becomes thy beauty,
 With splendour and adornment meet.

' An ivory throne should be thine own,
 With ornaments the rarest;
 A cloth of red thy floor o'erspread,
 To kiss thy footsteps, fairest!
 And sweetest flowers be wreathing,
 And round thee fondly breathing;
 And by thy influence I would prove
 How I esteem thy virtues, love!
 How thy truth and goodness sway'd me,
 More than all my store of gold,
 More than thousands that obey'd me,
 More than the giant world could hold.

' But these I know thou canst forego,
 For pride has never found thee,
 And I possess more wealthiness
 Than all the courtiers round me.

If riches *they* inherit,
 I have them too-in spirit :
 And thou dost know as well as I,
 That truer greatness deigns to lie
 'Neath a garment worn and tatter'd,
 Than e'er adorn'd a narrow mind ;
 And that treasures oft are scatter'd
 For the basest of our kind.'

The following are from the same poet. He died in 1618.

' Though treasures unbounded are not my share,
 I still am as rich as others are ;
 I care not for gold,
 I care not for gold,
 The mind may the choicest of treasures hold.

' I leave to the miser his joyless hoards,
 To Ambition the bliss that command affords,
 And ask not, my fair !
 And ask not, my fair !
 King's sceptre, or robes, or crown to bear.

' For peace and the noblest enjoyments dwell
 In the breast which contentment has made its cell,
 And not in vain wealth,
 And not in vain wealth,
 Which cheats its master of rest by stealth.

' And therefore my dearest pleasure I find,
 Sweet girl ! in the charms of thy lovely mind,
 And thy matchless soul,
 And thy matchless soul,
 Which bends the world to its bright control.'

' Could fools but feel their want of sense,
 And strive to earn intelligence,
 They would be wiser for their pains ;
 But 'tis the bane of folly ever
 To think itself supremely clever,—
 And thus the fool a fool remains.'

The following epigram is almost worthy of a place in the *Elegant Extracts* : it bears the name of Constantijn Huijgens—related, we presume, to the Huggins's.

• GENEROUS THANKS.

' Once afflicted with fancies, a miserly elf
 In a moment of trouble suspended himself ;
 And a second or two would have ended the clown ;
 When his servant came in, and with speed cut him down.
 But as soon as the miser could give his words scope,
 He said, " Tom, I thank you ; but--*pay for the rope.*" '

Dirk Rafael Kamphuyzen, born 1586, died 1626, is one of the most celebrated religious poets of Holland. He wrote a "Paraphrase of the Psalms," of which the Translators have given the following specimen.

‘ PSALM CXXXIII.

‘ IF there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams meander ;
If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are enshrin'd—
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,
A blessed Paradise on earth,—

‘ Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal kindred ties.

‘ Oh! blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame ;
Oh ! what are all earth's joys compared to thee—
Fraternal unanimity ?

‘ E'en as the ointment whose sweet odours blended
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended ;
Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore :

‘ So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contain'd their minds, and they were form'd the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

‘ E'en as the dew, that at the break of morning
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines :

‘ So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest :
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

' Ah ! happy they whom genial concord blesses :
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,

And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there ;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

' Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded ;

And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crown'd,
And tastes in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power from concord flows.

' God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it ;
His promises of future blessings greet it,

And fixt prosperity, which brings
Long life, and ease, beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune—that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.'

The poet, however, who, above all others in this volume, appears to us to deserve the name, is Joost Van den Vondel, born 1587. His tragedies are said to be the grandest compositions in Dutch literature. Besides these, he wrote satires, epigrams, and an epic poem entitled *Lucifer*. He was the associate of Vossius, Hooft, and Grotius, but embraced Catholicism, and became the zealous advocate of the papal supremacy. The following is a chorus from one of his tragedies.

' What sweeter brighter bliss
Can charm a world like this,
Than sympathy's communion ;
Two spirits mingling in their purest glow,
And bound in firmest union
In love, joy, woe !

' The heart-encircling bond,
Which binds the mother fond
To the sweet child, that sleepeth
Upon the bosom whence he drinks his food—
So close around that heart his spirit creepeth—
It binds the blood.

' But there's a firmer band,
When mortals hand in hand,
Whom joy nor grief can sever,
Tread the long paths of years secure,
Led on by sacred peace and virtue ever
As nature pure.

' 'Tis then that love's control
Commingles soul with soul,

Spirit to spirit gathers
A love that's stronger even than fate,—
'Tis like an effluence from the eternal Father's,
So bright—so great !

' It cannot be subdued,
It is the noblest good
That nature's hand has given :
'Tis like a well-cemented wall
That boldly rears its front to heaven,
And suffers all.

' If thou hast seen the love
Of the fond turtle dove,
On the dry branch bewailing
Her absent mate in mournful song,
Pouring her sorrow unavailing
Her whole life long:—

' So Aemstel's fair—She stood
And melted like a flood
To tears ;—her race was scatter'd,
Her subjects and her city razed,
And all in blood and darkness shatter'd,
E'en while she gazed.

' O God ; disperse the gloom,
Lead her tired spirit home
From this dark path of sadness ;
For hope and peace stretch out their hands,
And bid her look in joy and gladness
Where Aemstel stands.'

There is a display of much tender and virtuous feeling in the poems of Jeremias de Decker. But we can make room for only one more extract, and must give the preference to the following elegant little poem of Gerard Brandt's.

' TO SUSANNAH VAN BAERLE,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

' Think not, I shall deck thy hands
With a silken ribband gay
On thy happy natal day ;
For I know thou hat'st the bands,
Yes, the show of slavery.
Nor expect a wreath from me ;
For the colours on thy cheek,
And thy breath of fragrance,—ne'er
Flowers gave forth a breath so fair—
Of themselves thy wreath can make.
But the pure, the virtuous truth
Of thine undissembling youth,

Even far better garlands owns:
Virtues are the noblest crowns.'

A volume containing specimens and notices of Dutch poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, will complete the work. We suspend all further critical remark till we see the sequel.

Art. X. *An Address on the State of Slavery in the West India Islands.* From the Committee of the Leicester Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society. 8vo. pp. 28. London. 1824.

WE are glad to find that auxiliary societies of this description are being formed in different parts of the kingdom. 'When wicked men conspire, good men must combine.' Let not our readers imagine that any thing short of 'a determined and persevering, but judicious and temperate enforcement' of 'effectual and decisive measures'—we use the language of the Commons' Resolutions,—will accomplish the melioration of the colonial system. There has been an unaccountable supineness in the religious public on this subject; for what can be more truly a religious object, than one which relates to the moral and spiritual welfare of eight hundred thousand of our fellow-subjects! The apathy with which British Christians could year after year remain spectators of a system like that which prevails in our West India islands, will hereafter appear so strangely at variance with the benevolent exertions made in every other direction, as to be scarcely credible. It is, however, an old subject—a stale subject, as the Abbè Dubois says of the Hindoo suttees; and on this account, every one is apt to think that he understands the question, and is consequently indisposed to read works relating to it, or to lend his attention to the discussion. Whereas we have been led to think, that even the first principles of the question have become involved in some obscurity. It has been one consequence of carrying on the controversy with men accessible only to considerations of expediency or policy, that the primary obligations of justice and morality have been in some measure kept out of sight; that lower ground has been taken, and a more subdued tone has been maintained, than comported with the feelings which every good man ought to cherish with regard to a system of such complicated injustice, cruelty, and profligacy. It is not in addressing West India planters or proprietors, that we can be allowed to speak in adequate language, of this gigantic evil, abhorrent alike to the laws of God and man.

This clear, forcible, and eloquent Address will recal the public to the elements of the question.

‘ That slavery is the most deplorable condition to which human nature can be reduced, is too evident to require the labour of proof. By subjecting one human creature to the absolute control of another, it annihilates the most essential prerogative of a reasonable being, which consists in the power of determining his own actions, in every instance in which they are not injurious to others. The right improvement of this prerogative is the source of all the virtue and happiness of which the human race is susceptible. Slavery introduces the most horrible confusion, since it degrades human beings from the denomination of persons to that of things ; and by merging the interests of the slave in those of the master, he becomes a mere appendage to the existence of another, instead of preserving the dignity which belongs to a reasonable and accountable nature. Knowledge and virtue are foreign to his state ; ignorance the most gross, and dispositions the most depraved, are requisite to reduce him to a level with his condition.

‘ But degrading as slavery is, in its mildest form, that species of it which prevails in our West India colonies is of the very worst description, far less tolerable than that which subsisted in Greece and Rome during the reign of paganism. It would be difficult to find a parallel to it in any age or nation, with the exception of those unhappy persons who are carried captive by the piratical states of Barbary. Scourged, branded, and sold at the discretion of their masters, the slaves in our West India Islands are doomed to a life of incessant toil, for the benefit of those from whom they receive no recompense whatever : they are indebted for their principal subsistence to the cultivation of small portions of land allotted them under the name of provision grounds : and the only time ordinarily allowed for that purpose, is the day which the laws of all Christian states have devoted to rest. On that day, instead of being assembled to listen to the oracles of God, and to imbibe the consolations of piety, they are necessitated to work for their living, and to dispose of the produce of their labour at the public market ; the natural consequence is, that the far greater part of them are as ignorant of the first principles of Christianity, as though they had remained in the land of their forefathers.’

If this be slavery, can it be imagined that the moral improvement of the slave, that which will unfit him for being such, that which will tend to raise him from the condition of a brute to that of a thinking being, to change him from a thing into a man, however gradual that improvement may be, will ever be favoured or cordially acquiesced in by the slave-holder ? Between the present condition of the negro slave, and the lowest measure of knowledge and virtue, there is an utter incompatibility. Our opponents are aware of this. Make them men, they argue, and what becomes of our property ?

‘ We are in possession of a religion the communication of which

would afford some compensation for the injuries we have inflicted, and let in a ray of hope on the benighted mind. To say that no effectual provision has been made for this purpose, is to assert the smallest part of the truth. The religious instruction of the negroes has not only been neglected, but such regulations introduced, as renders it nearly impracticable. The attempts of this sort, which have been made, have not resulted from any legislative enactment, but merely from the zeal of private individuals, exposed for the most part to the utmost opposition and obloquy; nor will it admit of a doubt, that but for the seasonable interference of the Government at home, all such proceedings would long since have been suppressed. The Colonial Legislatures have displayed nearly as much aversion to the religious instruction of the slaves, as to the extension of their civil immunities; and, judging from their conduct, we should be tempted to infer, they were no less careful to exclude them from the hope of heaven, than from happiness on earth.

‘ It would be natural to suppose, such a system could have few charms for the spectator; that the presence of such a mass of degradation and misery would be a source of continual annoyance, and that no exertion would be spared, by those who have it most in their power, to diminish its pressure and lighten its horrors. On the contrary, the West India Colonists view it with the utmost complacency; in their eyes it seems to be a most finished specimen of social order; a masterpiece of policy; the most precious legacy bequeathed them by their ancestors, which they are bound to maintain inviolate in every part, to defend at the greatest risk, and to transmit unimpaired to future generations. They anticipate with the utmost confidence the perpetual duration of the system, and reprobate every measure which has the remotest tendency to endanger its existence, as the offspring of indescribable folly and wickedness. To such a degree are their moral perceptions vitiated, that they really believe they have a prescriptive right to be guilty of injustice, to trample on the image of their Maker, to erase his superscription, and to treat that portion of their species which fortune has subjected to their power, as mere beasts of burden, divested of the essential characteristics of humanity. In this instance, impious speculations have been resorted to in palliation of practical enormities; nor have there been wanting those who avow their persuasion that the negro is more nearly allied to the *oran-outang*, than to the human kind.

* * * * *

‘ After witnessing such an obstinate adherence to a system, equally injurious to the Negroes and to themselves—after every suggestion of improvement has been indignantly rejected, and not a single effort made in behalf of the slave population, if we except a few verbal enactments, passed with no other view, it is evident from the event, than to elude inquiry and silence complaint—it would be more than vain, it would be preposterous, to look for any substantial redress from Colonial Legislators. *They* are the aggressors, *they* are the authors of the evils we complain of; and how can it be expected they should

legislate against themselves? To leave the slaves in *their* hands, what is it less than to recommend the lamb to the protection of the wolf?

It is quite obvious, then, that no melioration of the moral and intellectual condition of the slave would be politic, safe, or we were going to say humane, that had not for its ultimate object, to prepare him for a participation of civil and moral rights. Religion, which seals and sanctifies all the legitimate relations of society, can have no other effect on the victim of oppression, avarice, and lust, than to strengthen his abhorrence of his tyrant. No sooner does the female negro become susceptible of moral sentiments,—of shame, virtuous love, or maternal tenderness,—if it is conceivable, that a human creature with so dark a skin can have such feelings—than she becomes disqualified for the service of her employer.

We have no room at present to pursue this view of the subject, but earnestly commend the more eloquent statements contained in this Address to the attention of our readers.

‘We cannot,’ says the Writer in conclusion, ‘suppose for a moment that Government will suffer the extraordinary conduct recently displayed by the local authorities of Jamaica, to have any influence in preventing its adoption of such measures for the amelioration of the present system, as justice and humanity may dictate. To be bearded and insulted by persons in their situation, would be mortifying enough; if the ridicule attached to their proceedings, did not interfere with more serious emotions. To say that Government has nothing to fear from the West India Islands would be scarcely correct, for we have much to fear; but it is not from their strength, but their weakness, which is such, that were we to withdraw our support, they would fall like ripe fruit, into the lap of the first invader. They are so much accustomed, it seems, to proceed by the method of intimidation, as to forget their absolute dependence on Great Britain for protection, as well from domestic, as from foreign dangers; nor could we wish them a more cruel revenge, than to leave them to their own resources. If by adopting such regulations as the humanity and wisdom of Parliament shall prescribe, they can make it clearly appear that their pecuniary interests are affected (which in our opinion will be impossible) let them by all means receive a suitable compensation; but let us be permitted, at the same time, to express our hope, that Government will not be diverted from its course by the growling of a tiger, which refuses to quit its prey.

‘The interference then of an enlightened public, to circulate information, to strengthen the hands and second the movements of Government, in this most just enterprise, is imperiously demanded. We cannot sit still year after year, silent spectators of the most enormous oppression, exercised within the limits of the British dominions, without partaking of its guilt. We cannot remain silent and inactive,

without forgetting who we are, and what we have done; that we are the country which, after a tedious struggle with a host of prejudices arrayed in support of opulent oppression, have overthrown the Slave Trade, torn it up by the roots, and branded in the eyes of all nations the sale of human flesh, as the most atrocious of social crimes. We must forget that we are the countrymen of Granville Sharp, who by incredible exertions succeeded at length in purifying the British soil from this its foulest pollution, and rendered it for ever impossible for a slave to breathe its air. We must sever ourselves from all alliance of spirit with a Wilberforce and a Clarkson, who looked forward to the final emancipation of the Negro race as the consummation of their labours, and were sustained in their arduous contest, by the joy which that prospect inspired. We must lose sight of still more awful considerations, and forget our great Original, "who hath formed of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth." ' ' pp. 26—8.

It would be paying our readers an ill compliment, to suppose it necessary to inform them, that this Address is from the pen of Mr. Hall.

Art. XI. *Prose by a Poet.* 2 vols. 8vo. Price 12s. London, 1824.

A MAN may be a poet all but—we know not what—the art of writing poetry. This sentence is not quite the truism that it may seem to be, though we have not finished it to our satisfaction. It contains the sum and substance of a long dissertation which has been passing through our thoughts, but which we are unwilling to inflict upon our readers. To come at once to *exempli gratia*; there is Washington Irving,—a man who looks like a poet, feels like one, writes like one, and yet, if he can indite verses, he keeps his secret; and we should not expect that his verse would rise at all above the improved standard of gentlemanly mediocrity. The present Writer does not at all write like Geoffrey Crayon; he has not his Flemish humour, or his power of picturesque description; nor does he aim at writing like him. But yet, his lucubrations naturally reminded us of the "Sketch-book," being a work of the same class. Moreover, this Poet's 'prose' bears equal marks of being written by one who unites in himself all the elements of the poetical character—the sensibility, the love of nature, the observant eye, the play of fancy; and yet, according to his own modest account, he 'graduates between a luminary of 'the third and one of the sixth magnitude, as the muse of fire 'burns bright or dim within him.' He has given us, however, in these volumes, some specimens of no mean poetical ability; but his readers will say, we like his prose better. Every body says the same of Addison, of Tickell, of Johnson, of Smollett, of Swift,—of some of our best prose writers; of Goldsmith

himself, for, though he has written one exquisite poem, his *Vicar of Wakefield* is the more delightful production of the two. Cowper is the most remarkable instance, perhaps, of a poet of no mean order and eminent originality, excelling not less in chaste, perspicuous, correct, and elegant prose. These volumes have more frequently reminded us of the playful spirit which appears in his letters and minor pieces, combined, too, with the sterling qualities of heart and mind which give a moral value to his most trifling productions, than of any other writer. Among the poets of the day, the one on whom Cowper's mantle would seem to have fallen, is Montgomery.—Can it be he?

The Contents of these volumes are as follows:—*Pen, Ink, and Paper*; *Morna*; *Old Women*; *Life of a Flower, by Itself*; *Juvenile Delinquency*; an *Old English Year*; the *Moon and Stars*, a *Fable*; *Common Place*; a *Six Miles Tour*; a *Tale without a Name*; a *Modest Confession*; the *Acorn*, an *apologue*; a *Dialogue of the Alphabet*; a *Scene not to be found in any Play*; *Mutability*; *Extracts from my Journal at Scarborough*; the *Voyage of the Blind*; an *Apocryphal Chapter in the History of England*; a *Forenoon at Harrowgate*; an *African Valley*; the *Last Day*; *Postscript*.

We shall leave our readers to make what they can of this bill of fare, having room only for a short extract.

‘ THE MOON AND STARS.

‘ On the fourth day of Creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stepped forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone: now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth, resplendent companion had joined her, till, light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

‘ The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one, from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the host of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired either in the sky or below it,—till, bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined, at first, to be a new heaven, peopled

with beings of their own species; but when they perceived further that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility, but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising,—stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself, nor any part of himself—till he came to reflection! The comet, however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency—indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

‘ But the object which attracted most attention and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after night-fall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon;—timidly she looked round upon the glittering multitude, that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute indeed they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction. When she was gone the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, “What a figure!” It was so evident, that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her,—of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of Heaven to the other,—and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived, in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages. Her crooked form, which they deemed a violation of the order of nature, and her shyness, equally unlike the frank intercourse of stars, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole; for what good purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affectation of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate brilliancy of her light, while she seemed but the fragment of a sunbeam,—they, indeed, knew nothing about the sun,—detached from a long line, and exquisitely bended.’ pp. 127—131.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will shortly publish, a Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, in the year 1823, and researches among the Vauds, with illustrations of the very interesting history of these Protestant inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with an Appendix containing important documents from Ancient MSS. In one vol. 4to. with maps and other engravings.

A highly finished and accredited Likeness of Mrs. Hannah More, engraved by Worthington from a Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, A.R.A. will be published in a few days.

Mr. Solomon Bennett has just issued the prospectus of a work to be entitled the Temple of Ezekiel, or an illustration of the 40th, 41st, 42nd, &c. chapters of Ezekiel, to be published in a 4to. vol. and illustrated with a ground plan, and a bird's-eye view of the Temple.

In the press, the Christian Father's Present to his Children. By the Rev. J. A. James.

In the month of March, will be published, the first number of a new periodical publication, entitled the Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academic Register. To be continued quarterly.

We understand that a new translation of Josephus, the Jewish historian, has been undertaken by a clergyman of the established Church. A classical version of this unique and celebrated writer has long been a desideratum in English Literature; and if the gentleman above alluded to, succeed in his arduous enterprise, he will confer no mean obligation on his language and country.

We are happy to insert the following notice, transmitted to us by Mr. Montgomery of Sheffield. A Society under the patronage of his Majesty, has long been established, for abolishing the practice of employing children to sweep chimnies. A volume, in prose and

verse, to be intitled "The Climbing Boy's Album," containing contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, illustrated with engravings from designs by Mr. Cruikshank, will be published in the course of the present season. The object of this work will be to draw public attention more earnestly than heretofore to the practicability and the necessity of discontinuing one of the most cruel, unjust, and flagitious usages in existence.

On the 25th of March will be published, in six handsome volumes, 8vo. price 3l. 12s.: uniform with the editions of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Owen, and Lightfoot, the Complete Works of the Rev. Philip Skelton, of Trinity College, Dublin, with memoirs of his life by the Rev. Samuel Burdy, A.B. Edited by the Rev. Robert Lynam, A.M. assistant Chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in foolscap 8vo. a Familiar and Explanatory Address to Young, Uninformed, and Scrupulous Christians, on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper, with directions for profitably reading the Scriptures; a dissertation on faith and works; an exposition of the commandments and Lord's prayer; a discourse upon prayer, and an explanation of terms used in doctrinal writings, &c. &c.

In the press, Massillon's Thoughts on different Moral and Religious Subjects, extracted from his works, and arranged under distinct heads, translated from the French. By Rutton Morris, English Minister at Calais and the suburbs of St. Pierre.

In the press, Lectures on the Life of Christ, 3 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. J. Bennet, Rotherham.

In the press, Lectures on the Ten Commandments. By W. H. Stowell, North Shields. In 1 vol. 8vo.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

MEDICINE.

An Engraved Representation of the Anatomy of the Human Ear, exhibiting in one view, the external and internal parts of that Organ in situ, accompanied with a plate of outlines and refer-

ences with copious explanations; to which are added, Surgical remarks on introducing the Probe and Catheter into the Eustachian Tube by the Nostril—on the operation of puncturing the Membrana Tympani—and a synoptical

table of the Diseases of the Ear, with their classification, seat, symptoms, causes, and treatment. The whole designed as a guide to Acoustic Surgery. By Thomas Buchanan, C.M. Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear. folio 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter to the Editor of the British Review, occasioned by the notice of "No Fiction" and "Martha," in the last Number of that work. By Andrew Reed. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Aspersions answered: an explanatory statement, addressed to the public at large, and to every reader of the Quarterly Review in particular. By William Hone. 8vo. 1s.

Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, illustrated in a series of narratives and essays. Small 8vo. 9s.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing directions for his studies and general conduct: designed and commenced by A. C. Buckland, author of Letters on Early Rising, and completed by W. H. Buckland. fcap 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Prose by a Poet. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 12s.

Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, Esq. Now first published from the originals in the possession of the Editor, the Rev. Dr. Johnson, Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s.

POLITICAL.

The Practicability and Expediency of abolishing Taxation, by repealing the remaining moiety of the assessed taxes. By a Country Magistrate. 1s.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of Church property. By a Clergyman. 8vo 2s. 6d.

An Address on the State of Slavery in

the West India Islands, from the Committee of the Leicester Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society. 8vo. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

The Evidence of Christianity derived from its Nature and Reception. By J. B. Sumner, M.A. Prebendary of Durham. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons on Important Subjects. By the Rev. D. M'Indoe, Newcastle on Tyne. 12mo. 5s. bd.

An Answer to the Question, Why are you a Congregational Dissenter. By the Rev. Jos. Morrison. 6d.

The Incarnation of the Son of God; a Sermon preached at the Moravian Chapel, Bristol. By William Okely, M.D. 8vo. 1s. (The profits to be devoted to the benefit of the sufferers by fire at Sarepta.)

The Book of Psalms in an English Metrical Version, founded on the basis of the authorized Bible translation, and compared with the original Hebrew, with notes, critical and illustrative. By the Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. M.R.I.A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. 8vo. 12s.

The Protestant Companion, or a Seasonable Preservative against the errors, corruptions, and unfounded claims of a superstitious and idolatrous church. By the Rev. C. Daubeney, LL. D. Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. 9s.

Twenty Sermons on the Apostolical Preaching and Vindication of the Gospel to the Jews, Samaritans, and devout Gentiles, as exhibited in the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Peter, and the Epistle to the Hebrews: preached before the University of Cambridge in the Year 1823, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. J. Hulse. By J. C. Franks, M.A. Chaplain of Trinity College, and Vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, 8vo. 12s.